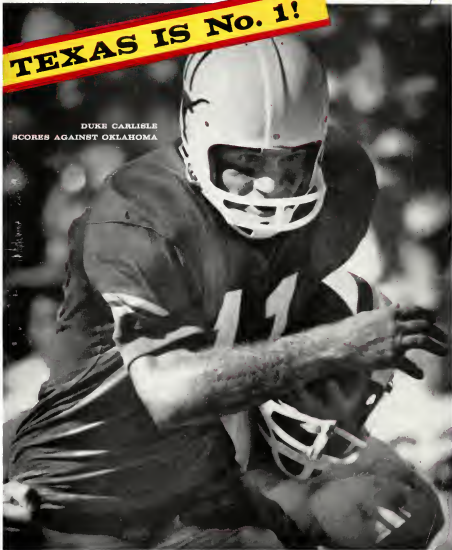


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OCTOBER 21, 1963 25 CENTS

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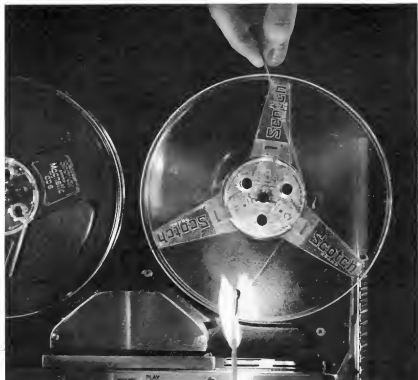
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Next week

PRO BASKETBALL begins its season with newness everywhere, from executive offices to playing courts. A look at the NBA's new faces and its new image, plus scouting reports.

FROM THE GRANDEUR of a perma reserve in the Bavarian Alps, a former U.S. diplomat offers American an age-old European solution to the problems of game, land and men.

PLAYFUL PITTSBURGH, the top college football team in the East, runs and passes as never before—on orders of the school's president. John Lindebeck tells how it all works.



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Just lay recording tape inside this new reel and start your recorder. This exclusive new **SCOTCH® BRAND Self-Threading Reel** holds tape firmly, but gently, as recorder starts—actually threads up automatically. No hooks, no slots, no attachments—no tape fumbles. This reel does away with thread-up problems. (You wouldn't really need the light of a match to use it!) Now, this reel is offered as a take-up reel for only 39¢ as a special offer from the granddaddy of all tape-makers, 3M.

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SHOPWALK

This season women golfers can obtain sportswear designed for cool weather

Women golfers, who have long had to make do with improvised outfits in the fall and winter, can now stroll the fairways in clothes especially designed for cool weather wear. The new sportswear, made by Loomis, is approved by Arnold Palmer and labeled with his name. The V-neck golf cardigan, shown below, is modeled on Palmer's own sweater, and it has his open-umbrella emblem embroidered on it. Made



HERRY KOSHER

of Orion, it is available in gray, camel, brown, olive and cranberry and costs \$15. The tab-front, Arnel-jersey polo shirt (\$7) underneath the sweater has short sleeves with action gussets and comes in a variety of colors. Completing the outfit is a pleated Glen plaid wool skirt (\$18) that has tee holders on the waistband. For those who like to wear a hat while golfing, there is a Glen plaid or a distinct check wool fedora for \$8.

Loomis also makes gray flannel or camel-colored wool slacks (\$18). They are tailored with a fly front, have tee holders on the waistband, reinforced seams and back pockets that are copied from those on men's golf slacks. For rainy days there is a water-repellent, action-back golf jacket that has a storm collar, zipper front and adjustable waistband. It comes in green, brown and cranberry and costs \$15.

The Arnold Palmer Sports Editions golf clothes are available throughout the country in some 700 department stores.

—JULE CAMPBELL



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OVERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS NORTH HAVEN

SCORECARD

STAY HOME

The city of Miami has asked the National Football League to consider it instead of New Orleans as the permanent site of the championship playoff. In a letter to Commissioner Pete Rozelle, Miami Publicity Director Lew Price points out that New Orleans is plagued by segregation ("The American Legion had to shift their 1963 convention to Greater Miami in September from New Orleans because of this reason"), that New Orleans just does not have the glorious weather that Miami boasts ("Miami's average daily temperature in December is 68.1; New Orleans' is 57.1") and, besides, Miami just loves football. In a follow-up flier to the press, Price also notes that "influential television sponsors" would like to move the game south so that "important markets such as New York, Chicago, Detroit or Baltimore-Washington would not be blacked out."

What drivels. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Baltimore-Washington, even tiny Green Bay, are cities, Mr. Price, not "important markets," and the fans who live in those cities should have the chance to see the championship at home and in person. We have no sympathy with any NFL owner or television sponsor obsessed by "important markets." Right now the sponsors have a little guy in white gloves on the sidelines who signals the referee when to call an official timeout for a commercial. Now there is something that ought to be changed.

TURNABOUT

Two All-Star teams of Latin major leaguers played in the Polo Grounds the other day. A friend of ours chickened out, but he had a wonderful idea: during the game he wanted to run out on the field with an American flag.

BAD ACTOR

George Morris is an occasional actor and a former rider for the U.S. Equestrian team. From time to time, George still turns up at horse shows as both a rider and a judge. As a matter of fact, he was one of the judges chosen this year for

the prestigious National Horse Show.

During the Piping Rock Show on Long Island, Morris took his horse to the woods for a rehearsal jump that is strictly against the rule book. George strung wire across the top of a fence. Although the horse does not see the wire, he certainly feels it when he hits it and this, theoretically, makes the horse jump higher next time.

But alas, poor George! Engaging in a nature ramble of his own was Walter Devereux, steward at Piping Rock and president of the National Horse Show. There was a confrontation scene fraught with drama, and George was judged a bad actor. If he appears at the National this year, it will be in the role of paying spectator.

AH, THOSE HUNGARIANS

Problems, problems. Everybody has problems. The 1964 Olympics in Tokyo are a year off, but according to a story in the English language *Japan Times*, the Japanese already have problems.

"The Olympics," reports the *Times*, "are contests of world products, too." And, as might be expected in industrial Japan, manufacturers are vying with one another to get their products accepted by the Olympic Organizing Committee. A Japanese printing company offered to rent 50 machines free and supply the printers as well but, when the committee accepted with thanks, other printing concerns screamed that the deal was crooked. The committee accepted watches from several Japanese manufacturers, but then a Swiss company, which has supplied watches to countless past Olympics, wrote a letter "full of sarcasm" in protest. Exclaims a committee official: "Receiving gifts is most strenuous!"

The Tokyo Hire-Taxi Tourist Committee is smoothing the way for visitors. A member of the taxi committee says Tokyo cab drivers are so well trained that none of them would create an international incident. "He meant," says *The Japan Times*, "that none of them will dare to act fresh with a beautiful athlete, for instance, from Hungary, even if they

are so attracted by such a customer. He didn't clarify why he and his drivers are particularly concerned about Hungarian beauties. He simply said that Hungarian female athletes are long-legged and beautiful." Another official, says the *Times*, fears some Japanese women interpreters may go too far to promote international friendship with "those Italian athletes, men who have reputation of making advances to women."

So far, the Japanese have not done anything about the Italian menace, but a good reception is assured visitors from the U.S. and the British Commonwealth. The taxi committeeman says, "Our drivers have studied English conversation since 1960 and are ready to speak in English. Not only that, they can tell stories to please foreign customers." All drivers, he says, are equipped with a handy book, *Stories of How to Please Foreign Tourists and to Become Good at English Conversation*.

FIRSHY CHARACTER

The Brown, Itchy, Mumbles, Pruneface, Mrs. Pruneface, Gargles, Nothing, B-B Eyes, The Mole, Flatfoot, Shoulders and Shakey are some of the villains who have tried to outsmart Dick Tracy, granite-jawed detective of the comic strips. But, aside from a character called Nuremoh ("Homerun" spelled backwards), a baseball player who tried to murder Tess



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Trueheart back in 1939, sporting villains have been rare. Now, however, there is a new one, Smallmouth Bass, a slippery character who goes around delivering hearts cut out of people for an evil genius named Doc Orta.

How did Chester Gould, the artist who draws Tracy, dream up Smallmouth? Pure creativity. Gould has not fished in years. As he recalls it, he was sitting at his drawing board one Sunday morning when inspiration struck. "I just made a period for the mouth and sat back and

continued

"anything you can do,
I can do better"



"I can do anything
better than you!"

"can you climb
a hill?"



"65% grade"

"go off the road?"



"anywhere! and
with a load too."

"go in snow?"



"up to my bumpers!"

"got
4-wheel drive?"



"sure as you're alive! I've got
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than any other wagon in my class, and
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cam engine, the high torque Tornado-
OHC. Plus I got optional independent
front suspension, power steering, pow-
er brakes, automatic transmission and
a real passenger car ride. I also got —"

"oh"



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SCORECARD continued

thought, "That's a Smallmouth," and I put Bass at the end of the name. I was just trying to get a quick, catchy name." The whole thing took only 15 minutes, the usual time it takes Gould to draw any character for the first time.

Gould has no plans for any other fishy characters, say, Cousin Largemouth or Pickeral Puss, and he isn't saying how Tracy will lure Smallmouth to his net or scale him down to size. (One guess: Flyface will reappear and prompt Smallmouth to leap out of hiding.) Neither will Gould say how long Smallmouth will be around. Usually Gould knocks off a villain at the peak of his popularity with readers. Judging from past history, that should be in about six weeks, around the time smallmouth bass season ends in New York. But Tracy may not catch Smallmouth by then. Tracy is a Chicago cop, and Illinois has no closed season.

A ROOKIE IN THE BUSHES

Rugged American betters, like their Prohibition forebears, will not tolerate a vacuum. Their ingenuity is boundless. Just the other day Westchester County Parkway Police spotted men parading along a path near the Saw Mill River Parkway. Thinking this uncommon behavior for midday, the coppers trailed a threesome. Peeking around a bush, they discovered Ralph J. Morrella of Yonkers, N.Y., making book. He explained that he had moved into the shrubbery three weeks ago because of the nice weather, and if there is one thing Morrella likes it is long green.

NO MORE DOUGH

Sports took a beating from a couple of philanthropists last week. In Mount Carmel, Pa., Joseph H. Deppen, an eccentric lawyer, left an estate of more than \$2 million. About \$800,000 goes to Bucknell University for scholarships. To qualify, a student must "not be the habitual user of tobacco, narcotics, intoxicating beverages, and shall not participate in strenuous athletic contests." At his own request, Mr. Deppen was buried in a \$6,000 bronze casket. He leaves a 1935 Cadillac in first-class shape.

In San Antonio, Olfman John R. McFarlin announced he was fed up with bankrolling Trinity University's lavish tennis program. McFarlin estimated he had spent \$200,000 to help Trinity recruit and support such international

stars as Frank Froehling, Chuck McKinley and Cliff Buchholz. Said McFarlin: "I gave a little money every year to the Boy Scouts, and every year I get a warm feeling when some little scout walks into my office and personally thanks me for my donation. There is no such warm feeling when the school I have tried to help mails me a form letter of thanks with my name typed in the blank space."

PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK

The qualifications of a top horse-race caller are many. He must have a good voice, be able to speak rapidly and yet be accurate. Last week, in a harness race at Chicago's Washington Park, Caller Phil Georgeff got the test. Nine horses were in the race, and deliberately entered were three with tongue-tripping names: Rosco Bosco, Bosco Rosco and Bosco.

Possibly as many bets were made on Georgeff as on the horses. Bosco Rosco was the favorite, Rosco Bosco third choice and Bosco fourth. Fortunately for Georgeff, the drivers' silks were distinguishable. Bosco's driver wore gray and white, Rosco Rosco red and Rosco Bosco blue and gold.

The race was a pace at one mile. At the first turn the crowd whooped with delight. Bosco was second, Rosco Rosco third and Rosco Bosco fourth. Georgeff called them perfectly, even when Rosco Bosco broke stride. Bosco finished second and Bosco Rosco third. The winner was Navy Prince.

Fresh from the triumph, Georgeff said it was nothing, really. Earlier this season, he said, he had a tougher race to call when he had to contend with Shafter Jeanne, Shafter Rebel, Shafter Hanover and Topper Hanover.

YAK, YAK

Last week we reported that the Canadian government was worried about the diminishing number of caribou in the far north. You may recall that Farley Mowat, the writer and biologist, said in his new book, *Never Cry Wolf*, that the government was wrongly blaming wolves and not trappers for the depletion of the herds.

Now we discover that Ottawa, in addition to maligning wolves, has been trying to relieve the caribou situation with yaks. That's right, yaks—those great hairy creatures from Tibet. The government started out five years ago with three yaks, a bull and two cows, and it planned to move the yaks north from Alberta, where they are now ensconced on a private game

continued



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farm, when they had multiplied to about 40. So far, so good. Once a year the director of the farm reports on the breeding progress of the yaks. In his latest report he announces the good news that the herd is up to 10. Unfortunately, all the offspring are bulls. This may be good for laughs, but certainly not for yaks.

HERMAN THE TURTLE

Hats off to Herman Beam! Seven years ago, when his job in the rayon plant folded, Herman left Elizabethton, Tenn. A University of North Carolina graduate in chemistry, Herman could have landed a good job elsewhere, but he wanted to become a stock-car racer. In the years that passed, Herman compiled a unique record. In 180 races, Herman never finished first. The closest he ever came was fourth. Most of the time he was dead last. Last February, when Tiny Lund got the checkered flag in the Daytona 500, Herman was 62 miles behind. "I'm not a very skillful driver," Herman says. "I just don't have fast reflexes."

Herman loves racing, but now he has retired. "If you're last and a close last, that's not bad," Herman says philosophically. "But when you're always a bad last, that's no good. Once I hoped I would win one sometime, but I've given that up now. I'll never win a race, and I know it."

Gloom has enveloped the tracks. Herman is gone. "The friendly jokes about Herman the turtle are over," says one official. "The drivers all liked him. Sure, Herman drove slowly, but he stayed out of the way on the track and didn't get anyone in trouble." What will Herman do now? Only destiny knows. Why did Herman race? "I'm independent that way," Herman says. "I just felt like I was doing something." Herman Beam, Godspeed!

THEY SAID IT

- Los Angeles Laker Dick Barnett, talking about his new teammate, Hub Reed: "He comes from so far out in the sticks, baby, they have to pump daylight in."
- Dr. Douglas Mantland Knight, new president of Duke University: "I'm not against college athletics as long as you can keep the gambler and the gladiator out of it. By gladiator I mean the boy who comes to college only because he has a gift for the sport. He has a certain genius for it, and other than that he has no interest in college at all."

END



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THE PLAN THAT WORKED

A major factor in Cleveland's plan for the defeat of the New York Giants was the harassment of venerable Y. A. Tittle, the Giants' great passer. Here Ends Paul Wiggle and Bill Glass reach him, dump him and leave him sitting sadly on the ground.



When Cleveland and New York met in one of the most important early games in the National Football League season last Sunday, each team had a battle plan. The team that proved able to contain its rival's principal weapon was likely to win. The Giants'

weapon was Y. A. Tittle; the Browns' was Jim Brown. Tittle completed 17 passes, one for a touchdown; Brown gained 123 yards, scored three times. The Cleveland battle plan thus succeeded; on the following pages Tex Maule tells how it was conceived and executed

JAMES DRANE



CONTINUED



FATAL FAILURE TO PICK UP SOME OPTIONS by TEX MAULE

Thursday in booming Cleveland the Browns worked on the thinly grassed, dusty surface of old League Park. Blanton Collier, for the first time in two weeks, eschewed tricks. He had a small bagful on hand, having used double reverses against the Rams and a quarterback run against the Steelers, but now, in the quiet, reasonable way he coaches, Collier stuck more closely to subtle variations designed to make it impossible for the Giants to give Middle Linebacker Sam Huff a primary responsibility for Jim Brown. The Giants would have to worry about the tricks. Collier had accomplished part of his purpose. The Cleveland running pattern was one of feints and fakes—Brown faking into the center of the line to induce the automatic suction of the defense to the center, then a quick toss by Quarterback Frank Ryan out to Ernie Green, winging wide, where, hopefully, there would be running room. Then, too, Ryan faked to Green up the center, tossed out quickly to Brown wide, knowing that the Giant defense, through long habit, might have pinched in from fear of Brown's thunderous shots up the middle.

And Ryan threw. On Thursday, he threw the Giant patterns against the Cleveland defense, screens that Y. A. Tittle is so expert at, with the Cleveland defense assigning one man to look for it on each side.

But the Browns were not really worried about the screen. "I don't mind if they throw screens," Defense Coach Howard Brinker said. "They did last year when we beat them. It just means they can't hit the bomb. And it's the bomb we have to worry about. The screen doesn't hurt you that much. Y. A. used the screen the same way when he played with the 49ers. You know, the back goes out, fakes falling down, then gets up to catch the screen. We are aware of that." To close out the possibility of the bomb, the Browns worked on both man-to-man and zone coverage against Tittle's passes. Jim Shofner, the right corner back who is no relation to Del Shofner, the Giant spread end, has had some long afternoons against his fellow Texan, but he has never given up a long touchdown pass to Del. With the zone coverage the Browns worked on in pre-

paring for the Giants, Jim would get help from Larry Benz, the rookie safety, if Del went deep. The Browns did not expect to shut out Tittle, but, with a good pass rush and a reasonable awareness of the screen, they hoped to hold him down. They worried about Alex Webster, too. "He can do everything," Brinker said, when he heard that Webster would play. "Block, run, catch passes. He's a problem."

Ryan, on Friday, threw the Cleveland patterns. Over and over again, the Brown defense simulated a blitz, although the Giants have not, in the past, blitzed much against the Browns. "They seem to be playing more aggressively this year," Ryan said, reflectively. "They come more. But I hope they do. We like it when the other team blitzes. We're set up to handle it."

He stepped back up behind the center then to call another play. The Cleveland defense, simulating a Giant maneuver, had called another blitz, and the corner linebacker circled in and tried to penetrate the crack between the offensive tackle and guard, and Offensive Tackle Dick Schafrath slanted in to close the hole, pinching the linebacker with a solid block as Ryan threw over the center to a Cleveland end slanting into the area left by the linebacker.

"Way to go, Dick!" someone yelled.

•

On the same Thursday, minutes after the New York Giants concluded a brief practice session, Coach Allie Sherman lit a cigar in his office—the same office Ralph Houk had occupied so unhappily just a week before—and tried to talk Jimmy Brown down to normal size. "We're not going to set up any special defense to stop Jimmy Brown," Sherman said. "We can't afford to focus our defense entirely on one man. If that broke down, we'd be through." Then, as if fearing he had not been fair to Brown, he added: "I have the highest regard for Brown, but I can't understand all this sudden fuss about him. He's playing his normal game, just the same as he always does."

What Sherman had just said, translated, was: Just because Brown has run

over Dallas, Los Angeles and some other teams doesn't mean he'll run over us. We usually stop him and I see no reason why we won't stop him again.

It is true that the Giants had had great success with Jimmy Brown in the past. Against other teams in the NFL, Brown had been the greatest fullback in history, but against the Giants he had been, relatively, a failure. He had scored only eight touchdowns in 13 games against the Giants. He had gained only 82.3 yards a game, well below his average. Never once had he had a really big day against New York.

"He's just a number in the backfield," said Dick Lynch, the defensive back, before the game. "That's the way Robustelli wants us to think." The idea, as Lynch expressed it, was not to build up Brown past the point of reality. "In fact I've already talked about him too much," Lynch concluded.

Much of the credit for stopping Brown in the past has gone to Sam Huff, the middle linebacker. Huff deserves some of it, but not as much as he gets, and he himself is the first to admit it. Explains a member of the Giant front office: "When Tom Landry was defensive coach, we used a system that funneled outside plays in. Huff was the beneficiary of an all-team effort, but for a few games there it looked to 63,000 people, sports-writers included, as if Sam was stopping Jimmy Brown all alone."

When Brown swings wide, the job of bringing him down is up to the cornerbacks, Dick Lynch and Erich Barnes, and Jim Patton, the safety man. "You have to get your arms around him and keep your feet going," Patton said. "I always try to hit him around the waist. Brown doesn't run you down the way Jim Taylor does. He doesn't give you that low shoulder. He yields a little, which is why you have to keep after him."

None of the Giants seemed overly concerned that for the first time they would be meeting a Browns team not coached by Paul Brown. More than any other team, the Giants used to have the book on Paul Brown, and what's more the Cleveland players knew it. "I would not say we could anticipate every play," Lynch said, after the Giant practice, "but we had it narrowed down pretty well."

But now Paul Brown and his book were gone.

"There aren't that many secrets," said Huff. "Oh, maybe you can change your blocking a little, but if we execute okay on defense, we'll be all right. And we always execute well against the Browns. We tackle, we pursue. I don't know why it is, but we love to beat the Browns. You'll see."

More than 62,000 people came to Yankee Stadium last Sunday to see—and thousands of others watched on television. The Giants tackled and pursued and, usually, executed well. The Browns, who had indeed changed their blocking, executed better and sprung Jim Brown loose for three touchdowns and a 35-24 victory.

As the Browns had expected, the New York defense blitzed a lot, and early on, a blitz got them a touchdown. Ryan had just stung a Giant blitz by throwing a screen pass to Jim Brown for 10 yards and a first down. As he faded to throw again, back-pedaling quickly, the Giant linebackers came in on him. His line picked up the blitzers, but Ryan's throw was hurried and a trifle short, and Dick Lynch sliced in front of the Cleveland receiver on the sideline to pick off the ball and take it 47 yards for the first Giant touchdown.

The tone of the game was established with the next Cleveland series. Ryan called an automatic pass to his tight end, Johnny Brewer, as the Giant linebackers poured in again, and the pass carried 19 yards. He then faked a handoff to Jim Brown, tossed out to Halfback Ernie Green, who swept the Giant right end for 14 yards. Using the option blocking Collier has installed, Brown next dipped in toward the Giant tackle and then, finding that his blocker had taken his man toward the inside, belled out and around, gaining 13 yards to the New York 22.

Brown was a decoy again on the next play, when Ryan flicked a quick pitch-out to Green, who skirted the pinched-in defense to the 12-yard line. A few moments later, Brown dove high over a pileup at the goal line to score his first touchdown. Ryan, the tall, graying quarterback, had whipsawed the Giant defense almost exactly as planned.

But the Giants were by no means finished. Y. A. Tittle, even under the fierce pressure from the Brown line and linebackers, hit well on short and medium passes, but the Browns had hoped to cut off his long passes to Shofner—and they did.

With the high road closed, Tittle thumped away along the ground. This pedestrian approach gave the Giants a touchdown when Alex Webster struggled over from the one-yard line. Nonetheless, the fact that Tittle had been forced to the ground was the important fact for the Browns. It proved that their defensive strategy was working. It continued to work until, in the third quarter, their defensive club had lost a corner back and two corner linebackers, all on the right side of their defense.

With Huff obviously keying all his moves on Brown, the Giants had held the Cleveland superstar to short bursts. Now, early in the third quarter, he suddenly got away.

"I threw him a flare screen," Ryan said. "They were dropping off on the flare man, so we set up a screen for him." He threw the screen from the Brown 28-yard line, Dick Schafrath took care of the ubiquitous Mr. Huff and Brown, running with the long, sweeping stride which carries him three steps faster than he seems to be running, used his other two blockers to break away from the first wave of Giant tacklers, then outran the Giant secondary down the sideline for a touchdown.

(Later, in the dressing room, Huff was to say, "We had him, we had him, but we let him get away. I think he's a smarter runner now than he was.")

Now the Giants took a leaf from the Collier book and freed Frank Gifford on a double reverse for 12 yards, but Gifford fumbled and the Browns recovered. (Later, asked if there had been a moment when the game changed direction, Sherman said, "When we ran the double reverse, it could have helped. . . .")

The fumble set up Brown's best run. From the Giant 32, he started into the tackle hole at his left. ("The tackle is the option blocker," Collier said later. "If he takes his man in, Jim goes out and vice versa. This time Jim went out.")

Brown met a cluster of Giants as he crossed the line of scrimmage, but he cut sharply toward the other side of the field, ducked behind a couple of block-

ers and scored easily. Even so, the Browns were to need one more careful drive before they could rest easily.

By now they were suffering on defense. Galen Fiss, who calls defensive signals from his right linebacker spot, had pulled a muscle in his leg. His replacement, Mike Lucic, had suffered a knee injury. Sam Tidmore, who had just recovered from a leg injury, was pressed into service. Jim Shofner, hurrying desperately after his namesake on a long pass, had pulled a hamstring muscle, and young Jim Shofner was now faced with the critical task of containing Shofner. The Browns had to abandon blitzing tactics; Tittle began to nibble at the defense with short passes. He drove the Giants 63 yards in eight passes, the last one to Phil King for a touchdown. That brought the score to 24 for the Giants, 28 for the Browns.

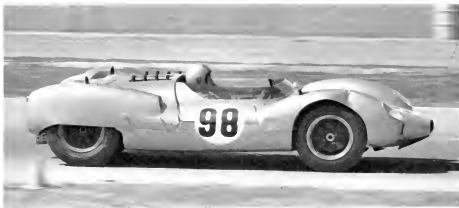
There were 10 minutes left to play in the game when the Browns took charge on their own 20, and the Giant fans began howling "Get the ball!" in a desperate, repetitive chant. If the Giants could get the ball with enough time left, it seemed probable that Tittle could again shepherd them down field for a winning touchdown, striking into the crippled Brown secondary with his short passes.

But Ryan and the Browns responded to adversity by producing almost a carbon copy of the drive which had brought them their first touchdown. Using the option blocking beautifully, Jim Brown slid through cracks here and there, gaining 12 yards outside left tackle once, then five yards inside right guard on the same play as the holes opened in different places. Ryan threw twice; once, when it was third and four, to Rich Kreitling for 15 yards and, finally, to Kreitling again on a similar pattern for 12 yards and the touchdown. "Green was the primary receiver both times," Ryan said later. "But when I dropped back, reading the defense, and saw they were covering him, I went to Kreitling."

Later, in the Brown dressing room, someone asked Collier about the option blocking. "I didn't invent it," he said. "It's not new. I used it at Kentucky, but I didn't have a Jim Brown. He's the best at picking daylight in close quarters I ever saw."

Everybody saw Jim Brown picking daylight, including Sam Huff.

END



Far from having exhausted the fund of sports delirium created for it by the Dodgers, southern California had another epic jag on last Sunday. This time it was over a sports car race. Los Angeles and its satellite cities flung a monster traffic jam into the bleak, treeless hills to the east as 82,000 travelers—the largest crowd ever to attend a road race in America—oozed onto the dusty slopes of Riverside Raceway. They had two reasons for coming out in such numbers: 1) the *Los Angeles Times*, which runs the Riverside Grand Prix for charity, had been egging its readers on for a week, and 2) the field of cars and drivers was remarkable for its excellence and variety.

The race itself was remarkable for the rate at which fast cars broke down, but fierce to the end was the Ford-engined Cooper-Cobra of a 27-year-old California charger named Dave MacDonald. He took the lead on the fifth lap and steadily increased his advantage throughout the 200 miles, winning at a record average speed of 96.273 mph.

From the time practice began on Friday it was clear that there was a strong new trend in big-time sports racing. American power was on the rise, foreign engines in decline. Obvious, too, was the fact that American womanpower, pit adorables division, was at its zenith. They may be banned from dugout and sideline, but wives and sweethearts of

the contestants and female visitors are a fixture in the pits at road races, where they keep lap charts or simply stroll about looking womanly. In California these adorables look more womanly than anywhere else. "A man could get into terrible trouble out here," said one unattached visitor, happily.

There was trouble of other sorts for drivers who were stuck with European engines on a weekend of emergent American power. Followers of racing know that this country has lagged sadly as a producer of sports racing cars. In the early postwar years glamorous Italian Ferraris and Maseratis and British Jaguars won the major races. Then came the "widened Grand Prix car," the British Lotuses and Coopers of scant height and weight that shamed bigger cars by virtue of their tremendous cornering abilities. But recently hot Ford and Chevrolet engines, planted in a wide variety of chassis, have made serious inroads on the old favorites. At Riverside a bright Cal Tech-educated Texan named Jim Hall arrived with a Chevy Chaparral he had designed himself. A well-beeled young man, Hall had previously built front-engined Chaparrals, but the new one, square-cut and distinguished by a kind of cowcatcher front (it keeps the car from becoming airborne), wore its superlight experimental Chevy engine at the back in the latest fashion.

Carroll Shelby, whose Cobra sports

cars—powered by Ford Fairlane engines—foiled the foreigners this year by capturing the first U.S. road racing championship, installed two of the Ford V-8s in light (1,500 pounds) chassis built by Britain's John Cooper. MacDonald drove one at Riverside, Bob Holbert the other.

Thus it was that when three of the greatest names in racing arrived in California with all-foreign cars they discovered that they were virtually beaten before the start. The world champion himself, Jim Clark, poured all his majestic skill into a Lotus 19. It refused to catch the Americans in practice. Then the engine broke down and had to be rebuilt, leaving Clark the bleak task of qualifying for Sunday's race in a preliminary event. He just did squeak into Sunday's main race by borrowing a Lotus 23. Motoring impeccably, he won first prize in the under-two-liter class.

John Surtees of Britain in qualifying a V-12 Ferrari was no faster than Clark, but at least his car was healthy. Surtees' countryman, Graham Hill, winner the week before of the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, went well in a small-engined Lotus 23—a kind of square pancake on wheels—but obviously needed the kind of miracle the 23 has occasionally sprung upon bigger, inherently faster cars. It was not forthcoming.

As this brilliant trio agonized, the Americans went pleasantly wild. Hall,

A ROAR OF TRIUMPH FOR U.S. ENGINES

Watched by admiring native beauties, American power in a bewildering variety of frames stole the show from foreign makes at Riverside as

Dave MacDonald (left) won in a Cooper-Cobra by KENNETH RUDEEN

a good but not world-class driver, ran up a Lone Star flag on the staff in his pit. Trading cowboy hat for racing helmet, he settled his 6-foot-2 frame into the Chevy Chaparral and seized the pole position.

The qualifying lap record for Riverside's 2.6 miles of serpentine asphalt was 1:35. Hall chopped that to 1:31.9 for an average speed slightly exceeding 100 mph, which had been considered a formidable barrier for any car to penetrate.

Innocent of roadside obstructions, Riverside is Dave MacDonald's kind of course. He stayed mostly on the pavement and waited to a lap time of 1:32.6. Holbert was slightly slower, at 1:32.7. MacDonald is a new boy from California. Holbert, a polished veteran from Pennsylvania. "Bob," Shelby declared, "is as good as anybody in the country. Dave is tenacious. He'll never quit, but he is a little rough. If I can get him to be more cautious, he'll be some driver."

Qualifying behind both was an unprecedented number of American-powered cars of actual or potential merit. By a supreme effort of concentration, California's celebrated Dan Gurney broke 1:34 with a new, untuned Ford-engined Genie built by San Francisco Car Importer Kjell Ovale. Mexico's Pedro Rodriguez wrestled with another new Ford-Genie.

The U.S. track-racing champion, A.J. Foyt, flirted with 1:34 in an Oldsmobile-

engined Scarab. Track Driver Lloyd Ruby herded a Lotus-Ford. The racing dentist, Dick Thompson, had the entertaining task of taming a rather spooky Maserati powered by Ford. California's Skip Hudson drove a Chevy (chassis by Troutman and Barnes of California), as did the Indianapolis master, Rodger Ward. His car was a Chicago Cooper-Special.

To be sure, these possessors of American power had an eye out for the brilliant young Pennsylvanian, Roger Penske, who plucked the first prize last year with a special of his own design, utilizing a Cooper Grand Prix chassis and a Coventry Climax English engine. Refitted to avoid the controversy that raged about it then as a rules-bender, the car was Sunday's only real threat to the American V-8s.

MacDonald made his big American engine velocity look lovely. It was so easy. Hall's Chevy, the early leader, and a flock of other racers took sick and expired, and MacDonald was never even mildly menaced once he was in front. At the end he had whipped Penske's second-place car by a little more than a complete lap, and he was more than two laps ahead of Rodriguez, the third finisher, and three ahead of John Surtees, the fourth man. The American showing was excellent, though some good car doctors are going to have to heal those breakable new models.

END

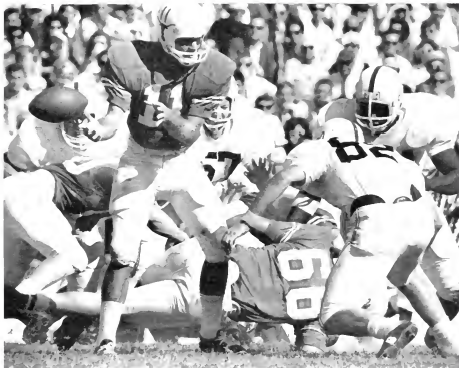


Pennyfied "adorable" watches from pit area.

TEXAS MAKES IT LOOK SIMPLE

The University of Texas football season begins with the Oklahoma game. All before it is so much throat-clearing. Last Saturday Texas trooped into Dallas' searing Cotton Bowl (packed so solid that one desperate housewife offered all her Green Stamps, "anything, just for two tickets") and emerged some 4½ hours later as the nation's No. 1 team. The Longhorns beat previously undefeated Oklahoma with the simplest offense Coach Darrell Royal could dream up: the heavy split T option that had been Oklaho-

ma's bread and butter for more than a decade. When Quarterback Duke Carlisle (see cover), a cool operator all afternoon, caught the Sooner ends backing off, he ran them to death. Crisp and perfect in execution, what may be Texas' best team ever could do no wrong on offense, and on defense it had Tackle Scott Appleton ("Isn't he phenomenal?" Royal enthused after the game), dedicated to the proposition that Oklahoma would not make a yard. He almost succeeded as the favored Sooners went down, 28 to 7.

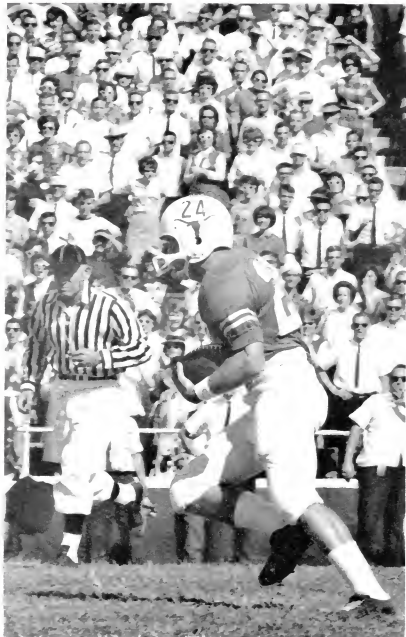


"The Texas players just love Duke Carlisle," said Coach Royal after the game. The seemingly nerveless quarterback fessed Oklahoma's defenses for 62 yards on keeps, ran for one touchdown, passed for

another and one, when trapped (above), pitched back to trailing linebackers like the runty Tommy Ford. Ford got 77 yards, including a 72-yard burst off tackle (right) for Texas' second touchdown.

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
Pete Lott





Pleased to be clock watchers, Texas' sideline contingent—including sub Mary Kratynik (12), who threw a fourth-quarter touchdown pass—mirror the game's outcome. "We're No. 1!" roared Texas fans, forgetting that previous first-ranked Texas teams have always been beaten.



Oklahoma's backs raised dust (left), but not much else. Sophomore Quarterback John Hammond (17) experiences the joys of Texas charge that turned power runners Jim Gresham and Joe Don Looney inside, devoured them there and limited Oklahoma to eight first downs.

Disconsolate Coach Bud Wilkinson (right) faces the defeat that Fullback David Vadas cannot bear to see, as the score mounts to 31-0 before the game. Wilkinson battled over a team morale problem and the dulling effect of a week's layoff after Oklahoma's victory over USC.





Mery Ellen O'Reilly (above) was one of a group of 15 American explorers trapped a fortnight ago in the wild canyons of the Urique River in western Mexico. Assisted by her father, Sports Illustrated Contributing Editor John O'Reilly, Miss O'Reilly tells the story of her 10-day ordeal

LADY ON A RIVER OF ROCK



SITE OF ADVENTURE was Barranca de Cobre sector of Urique River, a frightening gorge cut through the dry mountain country near Chihuahua.

After 10 days of some of the most merciless toil ever carried on in the name of either sport or adventure, we had given up our attempt to become the first party to travel by boat down Mexico's Urique River. We had scaled the towering walls of the Barranca de Cobre (Copper Canyon) that guard the still unconquered stream. Defeated and disappointed but glad to be among people again, we were wandering the little Mexican town of Creel while waiting for a train, when we were informed with wonderful Mexican understatement that "somebody" was looking for us.

The word "somebody" meant that Mexican planes were crisscrossing the

canyons in search of us, that Air Rescue units from Kansas and Texas, as well as U.S. Army helicopters out of Fort Bliss, Texas, had swarmed to Chihuahua City to join the hunt. It meant that the 302nd Airborne Division had been alerted and paratroopers were ready to fly down and jump into the canyon. It meant that for three days newspapers, radio and television back home had been spreading the news that a party of 15 Americans, including two young women, were feared lost and starving in the wilds of the Barranca de Cobre.

Chet Huntley, a newscaster who lives across the river from my home in Pennsylvania, described the canyon as one of the "most awesome chasms in the world." That may well be true. The Urique flows through gorges that in places are much deeper than the Grand Canyon. The part of the Barranca I saw was a mighty gulch into which some race of supergiants appeared to have heaved thousands of huge

continued

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*Left. American 440 Convertible
Center. American 440-H Hardtop
Right. American 330 Station Wagon*

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*Left: All-new Classic 770 Hardtop
Right: Ambassador V-8 890 Station Wagon*

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rocks to thwart any boating party trying to run the river.

The Barranca seemed particularly awesome when we looked up at those boulders, some as big as a three-story house, and realized that the only way to progress was to drag our 400-pound Neoprene boats and all our gear up and over them. It became somewhat worse than awesome as our food supply dwindled and we had to negotiate those rock piles on skinny rations. Hannibal may have gotten elephants over the Alps, but I bet he did it on a full stomach.

We knew the trip would be no picnic, but we felt there was no cause to worry since we were in the hands of veteran rivermen—John Cross, his son John Jr. and Larry Davis. I had run Cataract Canyon on the Colorado and other western rivers with them, and I knew they planned everything in careful detail. In this case, however, the river had kept one secret from the planes that had scouted it in advance of the trip. From the air there appeared to be long stretches of open channel. In reality, that portion of the Urique swept down steep inclines, plunged over cliffs and squirmed through rock piles in a manner that made it utterly unfit for boating.

The members of our party could hardly have been more heterogeneous. From 19 to 70 in age, they included a herpetology professor who somehow found time to pickle a few snakes, a mailman who had never had such rough walking, an automobile mechanic and a man who manufactures wind machines to keep crops from freezing. Their shapes and sizes were as varied as their ages, ranging from Janice, 19-year-old blonde, brown-eyed daughter of John Cross Sr., to the lanky Verne Thurber, who took deep personal pride in his ability to stand the hardships at 70. Not once did he complain.

I was a picture of confidence and grinning excitement when I walked into El Capitan Motel, our gathering place in Chihuahua City, and met Antonio Joannis and Eduardo J. Mendoza, our Mexican agents. Joannis took one look at me and said, "You are going down the river?" No, No, No. You are just going to tell them goodby." When I insisted, he pointed to Mendoza, saying, "He lives in the barrancas and he wouldn't go down the river." Mendoza just laughed. These sagacious Mexicans wouldn't think of going on the trip; but without them we

would never have gotten onto the river or gotten out again.

The Urique gave us our first rebuff before we had even embarked. We rode in trucks to the river, only to find that we had to spend almost the entire day roping our boats and gear down 150 feet of steep hillside. It was late and we were tired, but for morale purposes we decided to move down the river to a good camping spot. We were on the river at last, and spirits were high as we ate our canned chili and rice pudding. We had gone only two miles, but we'd show the old Urique the next day. That two miles was just about as much as we made on any one day during the whole trip. Some days we did not make more than a quarter mile.

Our glorious start the next morning was stopped short by a waterfall, where the river slid down a 45° slope. While the men put four oars under each boat and carried the boats down one at a time, Jan and I carried the rest of the gear for the quarter mile of the portage, making 10 trips to get it all down. At the time, we thought it was pretty hard work. But compared to what was ahead, this portage was child's play. Around the very next bend was another waterfall. This one plunged 25 feet straight down into a bluish-green pool. We had to rope everything down, including the boats and ourselves. I began to wonder whether this was a boat trip or a mountain-climbing expedition.

It was long after dark when we crawled into our sleeping bags, the Urique roaring by in moonlight almost as brilliant as the Mexican sun. That continual roar thrilled us at first, but later as we toiled over the big rocks or lay curled up on patches of sand between them, the sound took on a note of challenge.

The third day we began cutting down our rations. We had realized that we would be long overdue in reaching the food Mendoza was to have waiting for us at El Divisadero, a point where the Urique runs through canyons 7,000 to 8,000 feet deep. Jan and I did most of the cooking, and most of what we cooked was pancakes. We ate them twice a day, including sandwiches made from pancakes and canned meat. Once we made 15 pancake sandwiches from one can of Spam. I never again want to eat anything shaped like a pancake, much less cook one.

Verne, our 70-year-old retired mail-

continued



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man, was always cheerful and did his share of the work. He told us halfway through the trip that part of his stomach had been removed, and that what he had left couldn't hold much at a time. John Sr. decreed that Verne, but only Verne, could eat between meals, an extra pan-cake during the morning. Verne protested, but we made him eat it.

The day after we went on short rations, the going got even rougher. Morning found us gazing out over a weird jumble of rocks that reached up the sides of the canyon in mighty tufuses. We could not go around and we could not go through. We had to go over. We named it El Tapón de Piedras Grandes (The Plug of Big Rocks). John Jr. scouted ahead and informed us that this formation extended for about two miles. For the first time we felt really discouraged.

We were no longer members of a float trip but a crew of fanatics bent on carrying 82 pieces of gear and four heavy boats over an endless pile of massive

rocks. At times we formed a human chain, passing those 82 pieces of gear from hand to hand. Once I jumped into the river to save some life preservers, a curious reversal of procedure. At the end of the first day in the plug we had made hardly more than a quarter of a mile, and our food was getting lower.

James Dean and Larry Davis, two of our boatmen, were given a day's grub and sent ahead to get food at a mine by the river where Mendoza was waiting by prearrangement. We expected them to get back the same day but, as we learned afterward, they did not even reach the mine for four days. During those four days they had to take to the river and swim 20 times because of cliffs rising sheer from the water. Jim sprained two of his toes. He was in shorts and his legs were scratched and full of the fly bites that plagued us all. Their last meal was a piece of candy and some chewing gum. On the fourth day Jim was too weak to continue, but they agreed to stay together

and wait it out. They were dozing on the sand when they heard the shouts of two Mexican miners sent by Mendoza. Jim was carried out of the canyon on a mule and taken to the hospital in Chihuahua. It was his description of our plight that started the big search.

Meantime, we were still battling the rocks, but now in an even madder fashion. At a place we named El Portal del Diablo (Devil's Gate) we deflated the rafts and rolled them into bundles like big logs. With some of the men pushing and some pulling, we moved them over boulders 30 feet high, just like ants wrestling with their outsized burdens.

Attempts to catch fish with hooks and lines from our survival kits failed completely. We ate some cactus apples, but I got one of the spines in my tongue and another in the roof of my mouth. Pan-cakes became more and more repulsive.

Seven of our group were Mormons. Each evening just before we ate our meager meal they held a sort of service. Verne would begin by reciting a parable designed to bolster our spirits. Usually it was about somebody who was worse off than we were but came out all right in the end. I must confess that some of us were more concerned over the waning food than the outcome of the parable. When Verne finished, someone said grace and then we would eat.

Some nights I'd wake up and watch the brilliant moonlight on the towering cliffs. Lying there, I'd wish for some way to outwit those rocks and get down to the open water and subtropical lushness said to exist downstream. The Mexicans all had been so wonderful to us that to give up would be letting them down. My grandfather, Edward S. O'Reilly, had been a great friend of the Mexicans and had fought in the revolutions to liberate Mexico. He had almost died of thirst a couple of times while crossing the deserts of Chihuahua. He was regarded as foolhardy, though he was smart enough to stay away from the rivers that cut through the canyons of the Sierra Madre.

One day a plane flew over us, but at an angle from which we knew we could not be seen. In hopes that the plane might return, we built a big fire, throwing on green bamboo to make a smoke signal. Some of us got out mirrors to flash. Spreading a big tarp on the ground, we wrote *comida* (food) on it in big letters. The plane did not come back.

By now, Larry and Jim had been gone



TRAPPED BETWEEN BOULDERS, three of the river runners battle to squeeze their boat, marked with name of expedition head, through a narrow channel in Barranca de Cobre.

four days, and we had no way of knowing they were just being found by the Mexicans. At a conference that night we decided to abandon two of the boats and as much gear as we could spare.

Next morning we sent John Jr. and Ernie Moore ahead to scout the canyon, but told them to be back by 1 p.m. While they were gone we began stashing gear in a cave—extra clothing, cooking equipment, water cans, everything we thought we could do without. We carried up the pretty rock samples we had collected. I left behind my only skirt. Professor Wilmer W. Tanner, who had been sent along by Brigham Young University, left some of his precious pickled snakes and frogs.

John Jr. and Ernie were gone 15 minutes beyond the hour set for their return, an anxious 15 minutes for all of us. The prospect that they might disappear like Larry and Jim was almost too much. When they did get back they reported nothing but more rocks below. We were standing there, trying to decide whether to go on or give up, when four human figures wearing the breechcloths and blouses of the Tarahumara Indians appeared on a cliff above us.

Magic of Mendoza

As the Indians started down, we all dashed back to camp to meet them, zooming over big rocks without hesitating. After an exchange of friendly gestures, we got nowhere in conversation until we mentioned the magic name of Mendoza. Then they grinned and nodded vigorously. John Sr. gave them fish-hooks and some other trade items he had brought along, and three of the men gave them their machetes. Two hours later, two Mexican miners showed up with food in the packs that Jan and Larry had taken out. They told us what had happened to them.

The next day we put the Indians to work helping take our gear out of the cave again, and soon we were on our slow way. Jan and I and the Indians formed a chain to move the gear. This delighted the small, dark-skinned men, especially when we were in position to toss small items. When I would throw something to them they would catch it deftly and laugh as they tossed it on. To them it became a sort of game. When there was nothing to do, each Indian would climb onto a big rock, roost there in a squatting position and gaze out across the

vastness of the canyon. All our elaborate gear seemed silly when I realized that they had come down to look for us carrying absolutely nothing.

Finally Mendoza came down to our camp grinning and waving. Larry was right behind him. After exchanging greetings, we were told that more rocks were below and that we would have to climb out of the canyon with the Indians toting our gear. We took one last look at those endless rocks and agreed to the climb. At that point the canyon sloped up steeply, but between two towering cliffs there was a dip in the rimrock marking a pass. It seemed a long way off, but we wanted no more of the river.

If it had not been for the Indians, we probably could not have made it. They alone knew of the trail that snaked up the cliff. Without them, we would have had to pick our own way up the towering rock walls. Strung out along the trail in single file, we began our retreat from the Barranca de Cobre, the line of weary hikers lengthening as the going got steeper. Most of us suffered from blistered feet.

Each one of us carried a canteen, but nothing else. For five miles we climbed that trail, which seemed designed only for goats. At one point as we toiled upward the Indians passed us, each carrying a 60-pound pack of our gear. Suddenly I realized that it was their third trip of the day. These Indians get their endurance from running immense distances across the deserts. Sometimes they have races from village to village, and the entire audience runs along to watch. As I climbed the last stretch of the trail my feelings could best be expressed as, "Viva Mexico! Viva the Mexicans and viva those wonderful Indians."

By the time we got over the rimrock some of us were near exhaustion and we were all eager to rest our feet. It was after dark when we made camp in the high country. Jan and I absolutely refused to cook dinner. John Jr. and Larry cooked it, and we all turned in. During the night I woke up shivering in the cold, then a fire. My air mattress had gone flat, so I built myself a small fire and sat beside it, thinking of our adventure. When the others woke up they stayed in their sleeping bags, joking now about our bizarre trip. Then and there we formed the Overland Boaters Association, an organization that does not need water for boating trips.

END

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PHOTOGRAPHIC PRODUCTS

The perfect corner back is still just around the corner. This mythical man has the speed of a sprinter and he carries the weight of a shotputter.

Tom Brookshier, who was close to the perfect combination and who played with the Philadelphia Eagles for seven years, says, "You have to be big enough to come up on a run and stop a fullback like Jimmy Brown. And you have to be fast enough to take the best receiver on the other team man-to-man." Brookshier's football career ended two years ago when he broke his leg coming up to stop Willie Galimore, the fast but not very big Chicago Bear halfback.

"You give up a little size for the speed," Brookshier says, "because if you don't knock the fullback down there's a safety behind you to help and maybe you've slowed the big man enough for the safety to nail. But if you don't cover the receiver and he gets behind you it's Katie bar the gate."

Corner linebackers, playing closer to the line, usually are chosen for size rather than speed, since their primary responsibility is against the run; if they are forced to cover receivers, it is only on short patterns where they have backup help.

The corner back is the man who plays out on the wing. Pro defenses, as conceived today against the passing of the pro attack, are set up in three waves: the four men on the line of scrimmage who correspond to what used to be called linemen but are now, in many defenses, called the rushmen, since their first responsibility is to rush the passer; the three men just behind them—the middle and two corner linebackers—who combine some of the mobility of pass defense with some of the size and strength of the front line; and the secondary defenders.

A corner back is a member of the secondary, which might more properly be called the tertiary, since it is the third wave of defense. As the area of attack has expanded in both width and depth with the development of the passing game, the corner back's job has grown more important and more difficult.

The extensive use of the pass-and-spread attacks has changed the game of football as much as the mobile units of World War II changed the tactics of war. The old seven-diamond defense—seven men on the line, with the other four in a diamond shape behind and up close—had almost entirely a lateral responsibility. The linemen were concerned with an area, say, a yard deep along the line of scrimmage and some 10 yards wide, since the ends, tackles

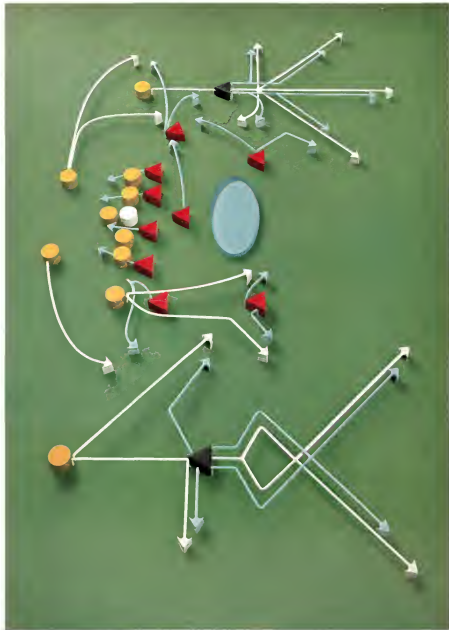
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Football's Hot Corner

BY TEX MAULE

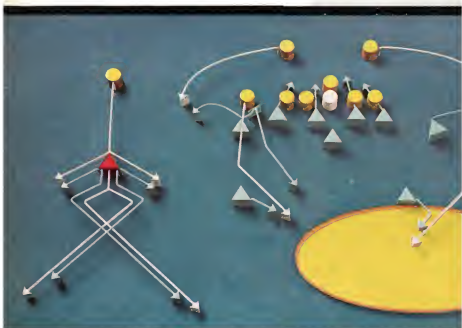
Man-to-man

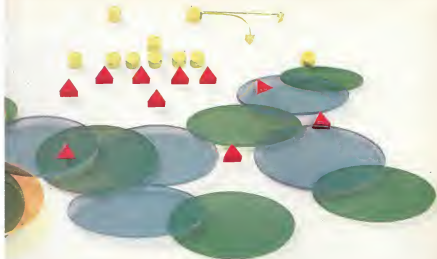
Favorite coverage for pro defenses is man-to-man, which means just what it says but makes for long afternoons for the corner backs. They must, on pass plays, take the spread end or the flanker back man for man on each play; the diagram at the right indicates some of the multiplicity of routes open to the end and flanker. Corner backs (black triangles) go with them; white lines indicate offensive patterns, blue lines defensive coverage. Blue oval is area middle linebacker may cover in some situations; one safety (red triangle, top right) may help deep; other safety (red triangle, center right) has responsibility for end on his side, cannot help corner back on coverage of flanker.



The zone defenses

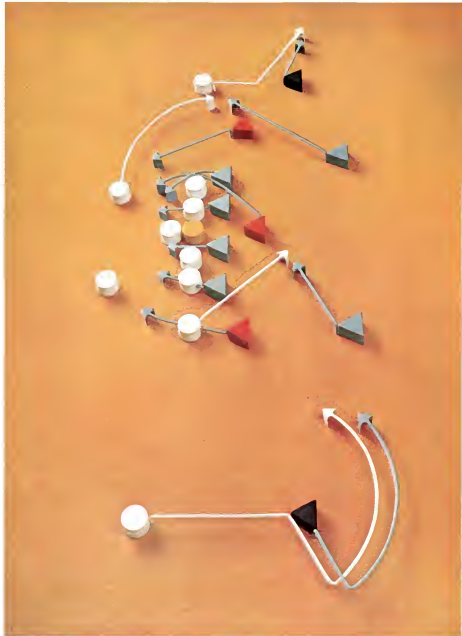
Now rarely used by the pros because it is less effective than a man-to-man, the zone is less demanding on players, is therefore a favorite college defense. In simplest form (green ovals), linebackers usually are responsible for flat areas, with corner backs taking slightly deeper areas on wings and safeties protecting against deep passes. More sophisticated 4-4-3 zone (blue ovals) shifts backs to strong side (left here). Weak-side linebacker takes short zone on his side, corner back now has deep responsibility, middle linebacker responsibility for hooking area. On strong side, corner back covers the flat, safety covers corner deep. The other safety has deep area over the center to protect. Corner and safety sometimes swap zones (yellow ovals) in defensive shunting.





Help from free safety

The usual form of man-to-men coverage leaves one of the safety men free to roam. This is the weak-side safety—the safety on the side where there is a spread end and no flanker back. The strong side is the side with a tight end and a flanker back. It is the responsibility of the strong-side safety to pick up the tight end after the end has penetrated the secondary. Thus the strong-side safety is in no position to assist his corner back in taking the flanker back, should the flanker go deep. The weak-side safety, with no specific man to cover, may pick up the spread end deep or help cover the flanker if the flanker should break to the center. The strong-side linebacker, after trying to force tight end to the outside, can cover flaring back or drop into hook-pass area.



Hot Corner continued

and guards on offense all played cheek by jowl. Depth was no problem; passes were seldom thrown and, if they were, they were not deep. So the effective area of attack covered about 10 square yards.

Today, with an end spread maybe 15 yards in one direction and a halfback flanked as far in the other, with passing attacks capable of striking 40 or 50 yards beyond the line of scrimmage, the whole aspect has changed. A defense can no longer mass its manpower to create a sort of Maginot Line in the narrow confines of a 10-yard striking area; it must also cover the rear and cover it fast. The area to be defended has exploded from 90 square feet to 13,500 square feet, and there are still only 11 men to do the job.

The linemen—or rushmen—must cover more lateral area, since three players—the linebackers—have been taken off the line to help in deep coverage. These linebackers must lend aid on lateral as well as deep coverage against passes. And the defensive backs, even the safeties, must be capable of coming up to the line of scrimmage to help defend against the run, although their first and by far more important assignment is to stop passes.

The loneliest man in this new and complex system of defense is the corner back. Because the offense has put flankers far out on either side, the defense has had to assign a man—the corner back—to cover these flankers. And since the flankers are generally the most dangerous receivers, the corner back in most defenses has the unenviable job of covering, unaided, the fastest and most evasive men on the other club. His position far out on the wing obviates any assistance, although he may occasionally receive a little help from a safety on a deep pass, or from a linebacker on a shallow one. But most of the time he is completely isolated.

There is only one occasion when the corner back has an opportunity to fraternize, and it is a dubious privilege. That is when a sweep comes around his side. Then he must come up and, at the least, peel off a blocker from the run-

ner's convoy. Brookshier, a sturdily built, handsome man who was a little shorter than ideal height at about six feet, was particularly adept at that.

"I studied it," he says. "I saw some of the big runners like Jim Brown and Taylor absorb the shock of a tackle by taking the impact on their free arms, so that the tackler never reached the body, and I found out you can do the same thing with a blocker. I'd come up hard, try to take the shock of the block on a rigid arm, then relax the arm. Sometimes the blocker slides off and you get a shot at a tackle on the ballcarrier."

Brookshier, during his career with the Eagles, was a deadly tackler. "You have to come up as soon as you read run," he says. "If you come up early enough and fast enough, they can't juke you. Your job is to force the runner to the inside, where most of the defense is. You can't let him go outside of you. As far as tackling itself is concerned, it's different on different fields. In the 1960 championship game in Philadelphia when we beat the Packers, the field was greasy. I would take an extra step, keeping on my feet as long as I could, and go through to the head and shoulders of the ballcarrier instead of trying to hit him lower. That meant I could stay better-balanced. On a dry field you might hit lower and commit yourself sooner."

"But no matter how dry or wet the field and no matter how balanced you are, they all jar you," Brookshier goes on. "Brown has that great speed and balance, and he hits. Jim Taylor runs with a real wide base, so you can't knock him down. One of the toughest is John David Crow, the Cardinal back. Every time I hit him, it felt like he had all his cleats in the ground. No give."

But the tackling is only a small part of playing corner back. By far the biggest part is pass defense. "I wish I had been a little taller," Brookshier says. "Ideal size for a corner back is Night Train Lane of the Lions or Erich Barnes of the Giants. They go about 6 feet 4. So if they get beat a step on a pass, they're still tall enough to go up and spike the ball. I couldn't do that."

Brookshier, like most corner backs, played a careful game of averages. He rarely gambled. Lane, on the other hand, began as the other type of corner back—the gambler. "He was the big-play man," Brookshier said. "Came up fast for the big interception. But he sometimes came up so fast he'd outrun it."

Recently, however, Lane has quit gambling freely. Most defenses in pro football are now so carefully plotted there is no room for it. "I changed after the fourth game last year," Lane says. "I got four touchdown passes thrown over me in the first four games, one in each game. So I spent a couple of days looking at the movies trying to find out why. I found out I was gambling on third down and, say, six or eight to go. I'd come up real tight on my man, gambling on them going to a sideline or a hook for the first down. They were running hitch-and-goes on me, faking the sideline or the hook, then throwing deep behind me, I changed my habits and they quit doing it."

Brookshier, the conservative, was rarely stung on a hitch-and-go. "I let it be known early that I could be beat on a sideline," he says. "I never intercepted a sideline in my life. You can't shut out everything, and you get hurt least on the sideline. I tried to shut off the deep post and corner patterns."

continued

DIAGRAM BY ALGER FARRAR

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD JEFFERY

Total blitz

The all-out red dog sends all three linebackers (red triangles) in after the quarterback, their object being to dump the passer before he can unload the pass. This blitz means that the quarterback will, of necessity, be throwing quickly, and the corner backs (black triangles) must cover their men closely. No deep pass is possible; the linebackers will smother the quarterback if he should try to wait long enough to throw deep. Customary riposte by quarterback is quick pass over middle to tight end, in area vacated by middle linebacker. This pattern is shown by white line slanting from end toward upper right of picture. Safety (blue triangle, center right) plays close to cover tight end.

They often miss the sideline for one reason or another."

Much of the battle fought by a corner back is a purely personal contest between him and the man he is covering. "The most important thing is to play personnel," Brookshier says. "I used to spend three or four hours a week studying film of the guy I'd be covering on Sunday. Then Pete Retzlaff and I would rehearse during practice." Retzlaff is the fine offensive end for the Eagles.

"I'd play Jimmy Hall for him if we were playing the Cardinals," Brookshier says. "I'd cover him like Jimmy does. Jimmy plays real tight without much room for errors, and he can do it because of his speed. I'd cover Pete real tight, too, so he'd be used to it. Then Pete would be Sonny Randle for me and give me all Sonny's moves and run the patterns the way Sonny runs them. We'd do that for each club. It was a big help."

Although most pro defenses depend on man-to-man coverage, where each defensive back with the exception of one safety has a specific man to cover, sometimes they go to a zone—which takes a little of the pressure off the corner back. The zone, if it is recognized by the opposing quarterback, is vulnerable to flooding an area, however.

"We used to hide it real good," Brookshier says. "We'd make it look like man-to-man until the ball was snapped,

You can play farther up in the zone, because you get help in the corner from your safety. Of course, you have to help him, too. Lynch used to be real good helping Patton. He'd get a piece of the flanker on every play, so that Patton could wait to go to the corner for the deep cover."

Another way the defensive formation can be used to help the defenders is the fake blitz.

"Sometimes you make them think you're coming in," Brookshier says, "so they'll hold an another man or two to block, and this cuts down on the receivers. Then you can do the same thing individually. Sometimes I used to set up on the inside to make the outside look inviting, then move out when it was too late for the quarterback to call an audible. But mostly you play the personnel. And the other guy plays you, too."

Almost all the receivers covered by the corner backs are exceptionally good or they would not be playing out on the flank of the attack. They are good in various ways, though.

"Some of them have all the moves," Brookshier said, "and they show them to you on every play, whether they are the primary receivers or not. They'll give you every fake in the book. I never liked to cover that kind of receiver. He gives you too much to think about as the game goes on. By the half he's shown you a dozen different moves, and you can't figure what's coming next. I like the guy who tries to hide his moves and just gives you one or two when he's not getting the ball. You don't have so much to think about—except maybe the ones he hasn't shown you."

One of the toughest receivers of all for Brookshier to cover was Raymond Berry, the extraordinarily adept end for the Baltimore Colts.

Against the pass

Jesse Whittefen (47), the accomplished corner back of the Green Bay Packers, rides close hard on one of Detroit Lions' top receivers, Gail Cogdill (89), in perfect execution of man-to-man coverage.



"He doesn't have a whole lot of speed, although he is faster than most people give him credit for," Brookshier says. "But he has every fake there is and, working with Unitas, who gets the ball away quicker than anyone else, Berry is close to impossible. I remember one game I'm on him man-to-man. He and Johnny really worked on me. Berry caught 10 balls, and I was never more than a step away on any of them."

On the other hand, there are some receivers who achieve deception by their very lack of finesse.

"I used to have trouble with Frank Gifford," Brookshier says. "I'd be on him man-to-man and I'd drop back, waiting for the fake and the move and be ready to go with him, and he wouldn't give me any fake at all. He'd just go right on by me."

Because the quarterback usually has no more than three to four seconds in which to get his pass away, most fakes come in the first 10 to 12 yards of a receiver's route.

"You hang back and let them come," Brookshier says. "You figure they'll get their point across by the time they've run 12 yards, and the next move will be the right one and you can go with it. You always give them a hard time. You let them know you're playing them tough. I'd take one interference penalty a game to get that point across."

Aside from all the other difficulties of playing the position, the corner back often suffers unjust condemnation from the spectators, since his mistakes—and sometimes good plays which are misjudged as mistakes—occur in the open, where they are easily seen.

"You get beat, you get it right out in front of God and everybody," Tom says. "I don't care how good you are,

you'll get beat. You have to. You have to hope you don't get beat too bad. Often a coach takes a calculated risk letting you have a real good receiver all afternoon, figuring you'll get beat some. Like London Crow in the Baltimore-Giant game in 1959 in Baltimore. Landry put him on Lenny Moore all by himself, and Crow did a bang-up job. Moore got one touchdown and set one up, but Landry had figured that if Crow could hold him to two touchdowns the rest of the Giant defense could shut off the rest of the Colt defense. The only thing he didn't figure was that the Colt defense would score—which it did. But Crow caught the devil from the fans when actually he had played one of the best games anyone could want."

With faster receivers and stronger passers coming up all the time, the modern corner back has to be faster and eager to compensate. "Used to be the depth of a pass depended on the speed of the receiver," another corner back said last year. "Now it depends on how strong the passer's arm is. Receivers like Frank Budd of the Redskins can run farther than most passers can throw in the five or six seconds between the snap of the ball and the time the ball reaches the receiver's hands. Budd can make about 55 yards. It takes quite a man to keep up with someone like him, much less keep ahead."

END

Against the run

Detroit's Dick (Night Train) Lane (81) comes in hard to help upend Tom Moore, hard-running Green Bay back, demonstrating one of the more onerous tasks facing the corner back in pro football



A VERY BIG HEAD GETTING SMALLER

USC End Hal Bedsole has been revered for his pass catching, reviled for his egotism. He now has developed butter fingers, but the pros say he may yet come through **By JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Color me dead," said Hal Bedsole of the University of Southern California. "The leading candidate for Flop of the Year. I'm looking to the past for my happiness." He poked at the \$4.75 lobster special on his plate at the Beefeaters Inn in Hollywood. His cheerless smile bent to one side, as though only half his face was working. He had been punched in the mouth by an Oklahoma football player, and there was a swelling at the corner. He explored the crime with the tip of his tongue. "It's ironic. Last year when I was catching passes there was never any malice," he said. "This year I haven't caught a pass yet that counted, but already I've caught seven good elbows and one sucker punch. When the Oklahoma guy hit me, the referee came running up and said, 'I'm watching you, No. 19.' No. 19 is me. That's the kind of season I'm having."

The fat lip ("that's what happens when the other team gets to know who you are") was, of course, a lesser hurt. Bedsole had dropped three passes that afternoon as USC, unbeaten in 12 games and the defending champion of college football, lost to Oklahoma 17-12. As the game progressed, each dropped pass was a little more critical than the one before. For a 6-foot-5 All-America end who by the estimate of many pro scouts is one of the four or five best college football players in the country, irrespective of position, it was no small tragedy. Bitterly ashamed, Bedsole held only himself lovable. He cried after the defeat. He sat for a very long time beside his locker. "Have you ever cost 44 guys a football game?" he asked over and over. Brunette

Cathy Walters, his comforter at the Beefeaters, said that even the greatest are entitled to a bad day. "Like hell," said Bedsole, uncomfortable. "You can't have a day like I had and still be No. 1. We were No. 1, don't you understand? The best in the country. Where do you think they'll put us now?"

"That last pass," he said. "I wanted that one so bad I couldn't catch it. I like to be the Come-through Kid, score the touchdown that counts. I never drop a touchdown pass. No one ever caught me from behind. I know my stats [statistics]. I scored 11 touchdowns last year, one every third pass I caught. I know when the fourth quarter comes and I'm shut out that I'm due. But the last one today—all I cared about was 'Get it, Hal, you've got to get the first down.'"

It was late in the fourth quarter, and USC had the ball for the last time, fourth down at the USC 25-yard line. "We needed eight yards," said Bedsole. "I ran out 15 to make sure, then curled in, and Pete [Beathard, the USC quarterback] put it right here. Perfect. A perfect pass. I dropped it." He looked at the lobster as if it had just bounded off his chest onto the plate. "I used to have a very big head," he said. "It's getting smaller all the time."

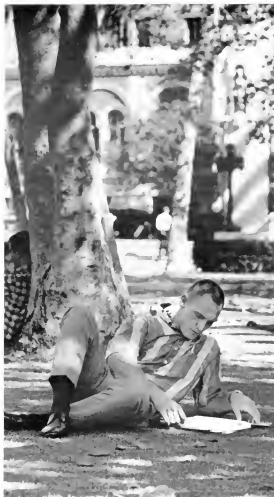
The next week against Michigan State, Bedsole missed or was missed by six more passes to bring his season's embarrassment to 14 straight incompletions, no yards gained, no touchdowns scored. This compared with his two-year total of 60 completions, 1,352 yards and 17 touchdowns (he holds seven major USC pass-receiving records). Then, finally, in

the fourth quarter against Michigan State, he caught one. He came across field, altering his pattern when he realized Beathard wasn't going to throw to him, and cut into another receiver's area just in time to make a miraculous diving catch of a poorly thrown ball. He caught it two inches off the ground and hugged it to his chest, the way a war bride holds her first letter from the front. He fell in the end zone for the touchdown that won the game for USC 13-10. The Come-through Kid was back in business.

The following Monday, Bedsole had business on campus. He parked his red 1963 Impala in a lot where most people have to pay but where he bulls with the attendant and parks free. "None of the guys would believe I'm paying for this car, either," he said, "but I'm paying all right. I make a little money. I get around. I'm a hustler. When I was a kid I used to charge my older brother Eddie a quarter to play catch with him. I'm a con man. I have things going for me. Tuesdays and Wednesdays are my busy days. That's when I sell my game tickets. Last summer I worked as a sales representative for a marble company. Saved \$500."

He said he had been thinking a lot about what the Come-through Kid was going to do about professional football, and he had decided that when negotiations began this winter he would have an investment counselor and an attorney take care of everything. Bedsole cited the case of a Ram player. "He didn't have any counsel," he said. "He's been playing pro ball three years now. That's a third of his career at least. And what does he have to show for it? Nothing." Bedsole said he was not about to sell his soul to pro football, that "five or six years" would be plenty and after that he would fall back on his education. "I'm going to be prepared. I'm going for my masters at USC. That's definite."

At the registrar's office Bedsole went in to make a schedule change, though it was Monday and the deadline for changes had been Friday. He ignored the long line and moved in behind the counter to smooth-talk the women there into giving him preferred treatment. They did. "I can't see standing in line if you don't have to," he said. "And think



of the ladies. Probably not once in an eight-hour day does anybody say anything personal to them. I do."

As he made his way across the USC campus, not once did another student hail him to say what a great catch he had made on Friday night. He did not seem to notice. "It may sound strange," Cathy Walters had said at the Beefsteers, "but Hal just doesn't need a lot of friends." Hal said he had not seen Cathy since that night. Their three-year courtship has not been smooth. "I don't know whether we'll get married or not," he said. "Her parents think I'm a bum."

Hal Jay Bedsole is not a bum, of course. What he is, however, is not easily told. He is "misunderstood," says his former roommate, "A hot dog, but underneath a very sensitive guy," says Don Simonian, former USC sports publicist. "Sensible, yes, but not very sensitive, not Hal," says a teammate. "He used to be a conceited know-it-all, but he's changed, he really has," says the girl who may or may not marry him. "He's grown up a lot—you saw the way he took the Oklahoma loss," says his coach. "His only weakness is his mouth," says a professional scout. "He's really a very shy, quiet kid with an inferiority complex," says a neighbor. "He's misunderstood," says his mother.

Bill Nelsen, the 1962 Trojan quarterback now with the Pittsburgh Steelers, was Bedsole's roommate last year. "At first I couldn't stand him," says Nelsen. "Then I discovered he was really a very self-conscious guy. Very complex. Of course, he's cocky to beat the devil, and that's what most people see. He went to practice when he wanted to in high school and junior college. He was the big-action man. He always got his way. He wore No. 16 all the time, and when he discovered I had No. 16 at Southern Cal, he came up to me and said, 'Do you like that number?' That was the first time I'd ever met him. I told him I liked it fine. And I kept it, too. We became good friends." Nelsen wrote Bedsole a long letter this summer advising him of the importance of a college senior acting like a college senior.

Simonian, who was USC's sports publicist until the success of USC's football

continued

team gave him an ulcer last year, says, "Hal's an operator. The first guy to want to check things out when you hit a new town. He gives that Saturday Hero bit, and he means it. He used to say to me, 'O.K., Don, what kind of publicity are you getting me today?' But when the season was over, he was the first to come to me and say he appreciated my efforts."

Bedsale was born in Chicago two weeks after Pearl Harbor and moved as a child with his mother and stepfather, Herbert Lambrecht, and twin brothers to Northridge in the San Fernando Valley. Last year his brother Eddie was killed in a Chicago auto accident. Soon afterward the USC team went to Champaign, Ill., to play the University of Illinois. The week of the game Bedsale

came to Simonian. "He was very upset. He told me he had never seen his real father, but he knew he lived in Chicago. He asked me, 'What will I do if some stranger walks up to me and says, 'Hello, Hal, I'm your father?' These are the things that don't show on the surface."

His teammates used to call Bedsale "Prince Hal" in appreciation of his lordly singular ways, his disdain for practice, his disinterest in blocking or tackling, his convenient Mickey Mouse injuries. "I'm injury-prone," Hal explained, "so Coach McKay lets me take it easy during the week." He enjoys the notoriety. "Mike Garrett (sophomore half-back) calls me Primo," he grins. "For primo donna." He goes to great lengths to perpetuate the image. Last year he appeared on the practice field in dark

glasses, Hollywood style. Fullback Ben Wilson, then Trojan team captain, got some dark glasses of his own and came out waving his arms and twittering, "Hey, look at me! I'm Hal Bedsale." Bedsale ate it up. But when he became aware before the Colorado game this year that Beathard's practice patterns were using the Come-through Kid more as a decoy than anything else, he was affronted. "You know, Coach," he said to one of Head Coach Johnny McKay's assistants, "when you've got Caution in your stable you race him."

Bedsale went out for the USC baseball team last spring. His motivations were immediately suspect. "Hal will do anything to get out of football practice," said a teammate. Nevertheless, there he was in the starting lineup when the Trojans played the Los Angeles Dodgers in a preseason exhibition. First time up he hit a long double off Ron Perranoski and was thrown out at third trying to stretch it to a triple in the face of frantic signals from the third-base coach. The next time up he drove one against the wall and pulled up short at first. "An all-world record for a single," he said. "This time I was playing it safe." Not really. He engaged in an analysis of the situation with the first baseman and got picked off. A few days later he was back at work on the football field. "I want to learn how to block and tackle," he told End Coach Mike Giddings.

Giddings, a tough ex-marine, says Bedsale never put out as well as he did this spring and fall: "He actually learned some defense." Against Oklahoma, Bedsale had a grim time trying to catch the ball, but he was superb—"for a fellow still learning"—in all other departments: he made two jarring tackles, he blocked an Oklahoma field-goal attempt and he hid the principal block in a touchdown run by Halfback Willie Brown. The truth was that had he not blocked the field goal, USC would have been out of the game long before he muffed his last pass. In USC's 17-14 loss to Notre Dame last week he dropped one sure touchdown pass and let another get through him for an interception that resulted in a Notre Dame score. But he also made three fine catches, one-handing a 43-yarder to keep a Trojan touchdown drive going, and was in on five tackles. He suddenly seems incapable of being anything but very good or very bad.

continued

PROUD OWNER of a 1963 Chevrolet Impala, Hal Bedsale likes to think of himself as a con man, an operator, a fast-buck artist, but he works hard to meet the payments on his car.



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For Hal Bedsole it was not always so. He cannot remember a time when he was not good at athletics. When he reached junior high he was 6 feet 2 and 195 pounds, could run 100 yards in 10.7 seconds, could take on his twin brothers at the same time and had no trouble getting his way. "I wasn't a bad kid," he says. "I just never made any bones

feet and in college ran the hurdles when he was in the mood). He eventually quit baseball because he didn't like the coach. He was high school football player of the year in 1959, but the only time McKay saw him play, Reseda lost to Huntington Park, quarterbacked by Craig Fertig, 46 to 6 in the championship game; Fertig is now USC's second quarterback behind Bearhead, and, Bedsole says, "every day of my life he reminds me of that game. He relates it to everything I do."

Grades kept Bedsole out of USC immediately so he spent a preparatory year at Pierce Junior College, where he made Junior College All-America at quarterback. This impressed McKay so much that Bedsole was fifth team in his first year at USC. By mutual agreement he kept his quarterback's number—19—and changed his position. He was made an end. "I could see myself throwing a \$12,000 scholarship down the tubes," said Bedsole, "but I wanted to play. Anywhere." Said McKay: "Bedsole can be just as good or bad as he wants to be."

Bedsole chose to be quite good. By the end of that first season Don Klosterman, chief scout of the Kansas City Chiefs of the American Football League, was convinced that "He will be the best offensive end in college football by the time he's a senior." Simonian listened to the tributes and began promoting the possibility, wishing at least once a week thereafter that he had not. As Bedsole's wondrous statistics spiraled, so did his untidy reputation. Finally, before the Rose Bowl game last January,

he walked out of the Alumni Awards Banquet at the Palladium. Somebody else had been chosen Southern California's lineman of the year. Bedsole, All-America or not, had drawn a blank before 1,000 people, and he was sick with rage and disappointment. He does not take disappointment well. For a time it appeared McKay might demote him right off the Rose Bowl squad, but instead he talked to him—"good and tough"—and let him stay.

In the Rose Bowl, USC defeated Wisconsin 42-37, and Bedsole was brilliant. He caught four passes for 101 yards and two touchdowns, one a spectacular 57-

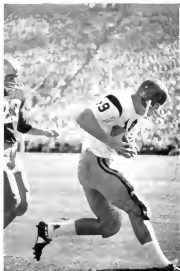
yard pass-run that girl friend Cathy didn't see because she was out at the time getting a hot dog. What Cathy did see, however, was Bedsole slamming into Wisconsin Quarterback Ron VanderKelen when VanderKelen was down and five yards out of bounds in the first quarter. It was one of three personal fouls charged against Bedsole for the day. "That has to be an all-world record," he says. When VanderKelen went down, half a dozen Wisconsin players jumped Bedsole for his eagerness. Actually eagerness had nothing to do with it, said Bedsole. What he really had in mind was to put VanderKelen through the Wisconsin bench, head first, like a woodscrew. "I don't know what got into me," he said. "All I could think of was that I had chased him 10 yards and I wanted to get him. I really ripped him, too. His guys hit me with their helmets, their fists, anything. I got my lumps and I deserved every one." He was not so humbled, however, that he could not say afterward that he thought he was a better end than Pat Richter, the Wisconsin All-America.

Hal Bedsole's candor still makes people wince: ex-marine Giddings has to get nose-to-nose with him at a minimum of once a week, and his advanced case of butter fingers has Bearhead, McKay and half the West Coast worried stiff. But no one quite believes that en route to becoming a gentleman Hal Bedsole has forever lost his football finesse.

"The thing you must remember about Bedsole is that everything comes so incredibly easy for him," says Pro Scout Klosterman. "He'll come around. If you told him to run a zip-and-out and do a flip and a handstand and catch the ball with one hand and play the trombone with the other, he could do it. He has fantastic legs. He is the most devastating runner after the catch I've ever seen, and he's almost as fast as Willie Brown. On a drive pattern he is positively fierce [tackling Bedsole in the Rose Bowl cost Wisconsin Halfback Billy Smith seven teeth and a fractured jaw]. He's like Boyd Dowler without Dowler's raw speed, or he's like Chris Barford of our club with more speed. I heard one scout say he was convinced Bedsole wouldn't make it as a pro because of his attitude. 'Poison!' he said. 'Who needs him?' I'll tell you who needs him. Anybody in football."

Color Southern Cal's Hal Bedsole very much alive.

END



BACK ON BEAM At last, Bedsole gathers in one of three passes he caught last week at Notre Dame.

about being good. My philosophy has always been if you want to do something, do it, but I've learned what I always do is give people the wrong idea. Somebody sees you drinking a beer, and two days later they've got you passed out in a bar. I visited the San Francisco 49er camp last summer just because I wanted to, and the next day the story was out that I had been there with my business manager to talk contract. Boy, Coach McKay loved that."

At Reseda High in Northridge, Bedsole was a quarterback on the football team, a catcher on the baseball team and "dabbled in track" (he put the shot 54



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Sublime weekend for the underdogs

Rarely have so many major college teams been mistreated so horribly in a single weekend. While Texas bushwhacked Oklahoma with unexpected ease, 28-7 (see page 22), Alabama, Navy, Penn State, Oregon State, Nebraska and West Texas State were all rudely put down for the first time by suddenly aroused and, in some cases, most unlikely underdogs. Duke was held to a tie by California. Ohio State and Illinois saved or—according to how you look at it—ruined their day by playing to a deadlock. Among the already defeated, USC was shocked for a second time by Notre Dame, and Arkansas was the surprise victim of Baylor.

Now, with the season not even half over, only eight major teams are still unbeaten and untied—Texas (4-0) in the Southwest, Auburn (4-0) and North Carolina State (4-0) in the South, Wisconsin (3-0) and Bowling Green (4-0) in the Midwest, and Pitt (3-0), Dartmouth (3-0) and Princeton (3-0) in the East.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PITT (3-0)
2. NAVY (3-0) 3. PENN STATE (3-0)

While Pitt enjoyed a week of respite, Penn State was unable to escape its old nemesis, ARMY. For the third straight year, the Lions lost to West Point by a field goal, 10-7. This time State was taken in by a new twist to the old Army game. Assistant Coach Chuck Klausung, after a scouting expedition, reported State could be had if its monster linebacker was caught going the other way. So Coach Paul Dietzel put his Cadets into a double wing T and, sometimes, a short punt formation to force the linebacker to commit himself. When he did, Quarterback Rolfie Stichweh and Halfbacks Ken Waldrop and John Seymour simply ran away from him. The Lions adjusted their defenses in the second half, but it was already too late. Also for the third straight year, Dick Heydt kicked the winning field goal. He added the point after Stichweh's two-yard touchdown pass to End Sam Champi, too. But it was the linemen's game. Led by Champi and Guard Dick Nowak, Army swarmed all over Penn State's Pete Lake—the completed only two passes—and held the katish Lions to a mere 38 yards rushing.

Life was more serene among the East's lower-echelon independents. BOSTON COLLEGE's Jack Concannon, passing and running superbly, threw for three touchdowns

and two extra points, plunged for another score as the Eagles whooped Villanova 34-0. COLGATE smothered Rutgers 28-8, while BOSTON U., more prolific in its own class, defeated Holy Cross 18-6. Unbeaten DELAWARE piled up 591 yards while trampling Lafayette 61-0.

DARTMOUTH and HARVARD, the Ivy League favorites, stumbled but still managed to win. In front 14-0 on Quarterback Dana Kelly's two short plunges, Dartmouth had to fight for its life (and a 14-7 win) against Brown sophomore Quarterback Bob Hall's accurate passes. Cornell scored first and last but, in between, Quarterback Mike Bassett and sophomore Halfback Wally Grant led Harvard to three touchdowns and a 21-14 victory. PRINCETON, still very much in the race, ran over Penn 34-0 as blockbusting Fullback Cosmo Iacavazzi and Tailback Don McKay scored five touchdowns. YALE Coach Johnny Pont, who had predicted that "our young men will be all right," sent them charging at Columbia's Archie Roberts like a pack of angry wolves. Roberts completed 13 passes for 176 yards, but Yale's Randy Egloff scored twice, and the Elis got their first Ivy win, 19-7.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. GEORGIA TECH (3-1)
2. AUBURN (4-0) 3. LSU (3-1)

The sellout crowd at Denny Stadium in Birmingham, where Alabama had won 16 in a

Bob Lyle. Then, in the last quarter, sophomore Dick Kirk raced 41 yards to score. 'Bama scored later, but Bear Bryant had lost his first home game ever at Alabama, 10-6. There were no crocodile tears.

It is not quite true that GEORGIA TECH beat Tennessee 23-7 on Billy Lothridge's skills and Coach Bobby Dodd's lung power. It is true that after Tech's first score, Tennessee forced a Jacket punt and illegally sent in an offensive team. Dodd screamed loud enough to be heard by every one of the 51,527 spectators (most ever to attend an athletic event in Tennessee), and the Vols got parked back on their own goal. Soon after, Lothridge—without using a huddle—destroyed the intimidated foe with a 54-yard pass to End Ted Davis. From then on Tennessee alumnus Dodd had no trouble spoiling Tennessee's Homecoming.

Trapped, Miami's George Mira escaped and skittered a brilliant 34 yards to the LSU 14. As Mira was forced out a teammate, yards behind, clipped. Later, with one second left, End Hoyt Sparks took a Mira end zone pass right on the belt buckle—and dropped it. Sparks slumped to the ground crying, and LSU had won 3-0 on Doug Morens's field goal. It has been that kind of season for Mira and Miami. Came hail, high water and CLEMSON from behind to tie GEORGIA on Bob Swift's half-yard plunge, 7-7. Losing a 10-0 lead over MISSISSIPPI STATE, Tulane went to its 15th straight defeat 31-10. AUBURN had a 28-0 outing against Chattanooga, KENTUCKY bullied Detroit 35-18.

A very dead ACC contender, Maryland lost again, 14-7, to NORTH CAROLINA. The new challenger, NORTH CAROLINA STATE, followed Jim Rossi to an easy 18-6 win over South Carolina. Wake Forest lost its 14th straight, 35-0, to FLORIDA STATE, whose Steve Tenni threw three scoring passes.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WISCONSIN (3-0) 2. OKLAHOMA (2-1) 3. ILLINOIS ONE OHIO STATE (2-0-0)

Because all he can do is punt, NORTHWESTERN left Merlin Norenberg at home when it played Illinois, and a five-yard kick set up the winning touchdowns. Last week the Wildcats stayed home with Norenberg, who 1) got off one 80-yard punt, 2) twice punted Minnesota within its five, 3) averaged 48 yards and 4) kept Northwestern alive. In unconscious parody of Minnesota's field-position game, NU consistently kept the

continued

THE BEST

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Illinois Linebacker-Center Dick Belknap was in on 23 tackles, red-dogged Ohio State's passing into ineffectiveness and intercepted on State's 28 to set up Illinois touchdown that turned course of game.

BACK OF THE WEEK: SMU Halfback John Rodenick, 9.4 sophomore sprinter, outshone Navy's Stauchback by averaging 13.2 yards, scoring 45- and two-yard touchdowns, and contributing key runs of 27 and 33 yards to SMU's upset win.

row, should have known right off what kind of a day it would be for the Crimson Tide. Benny Nelson, steadiest of seniors, fumbled the opening kickoff. A bad center snap nearly caused a safety, and when Buddy French did get a luck away it was returned to the Tide 28, setting up a FLORIDA field goal by

ball in Gopher territory—only to lose it just as consistently on intercepted passes and a fumble. Then Tom Myers passed to Mike Buckner for 44 yards and to Willie Simson for 25 yards, with two minutes left, and Northwestern won 15-8. "That's what I like about passing," said Ara Parseghian. "It's inconceivable, but it's explosive. Sputter, sputter. Boom."

The Big Ten's unbeaten, untied dark horses, ILLINOIS and OHIO STATE, emerged from their exciting battle just as unbeaten, just as dark and a lot more tied. The 84,712 spectators pondered not the reason for the 20-20 tie—that was OSU's Dick Van Raap-horst's record 49-yard field goal in the last two minutes—but why their team had not won. Particularly puzzled were the Illini, whose men had overcome a 17-7 deficit on a Mike Taliaferro-Eddie Russell pass and a Jim Warren run. Only a missed two-point conversion kept last year's eighth-placers from being this week's sole Big Ten leader.

NOTRE DAME's Hugh Devore said before the USC game that the Irish would have to control the ball to win. The Notre Dame team was equally unimpaired but mighty impressive in winning, 17-14. The Irish held possession for almost 22 minutes of the final half and won in the last six minutes on a field goal by Ken Ivan.

Three weeks ago Purdue was held scoreless for the first time since 1959. Last week WISCONSIN beat Purdue 38-20, scoring the most points on the Boilermakers since 1948. IOWA's Fred Riddle threw five touchdowns passes for a Big Ten record as the Hawkeyes outscored Indiana 37-26. MICHIGAN beat MICHIGAN STATE 7-7 in a bitterly fought game before 101,450.

ARK FORCE is smarter than Nebraska. The score, 17-13, proved this, but so did Guard

Todd Jageron's explanation. "We could tell what Nebraska linemen were going to do by the weight they put on their hands," he said. "When they pulled, their hands relaxed. When they came straight, they must have had hundreds of pounds on each finger."

The other Big Eight challenger, Kansas, was upset 17-14 by IOWA STATE on Dick Limerick's field goal in the last 30 seconds. Kansas State put up a fight before bending to MISSOURI 21-11, and COLORADO whipped Oklahoma State 25-0.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (4-0)
2. TCU (3-1) 3. RICE (2-2)

There was no doubt about it. The big football weekend was indeed in Big D. What made it seem even bigger was the way SMU treated Navy. SMU, to almost everyone's amazement, won, 32-28, despite another magnificent performance by Roger Staubach. But SMU's John Roderick, a slight, quick-legged sprinter who had been just ordinary in two earlier games, was better than that. He raced through and around the bewildered Middies for two touchdowns. The Mustangs' line blocking was so good, Roderick said later, "I had only backs to dodge." For all his artful weaving, with 2:05 to go Navy was ahead 28-26 on Fred Marlin's 25-yard field goal. Then the Middies, who were penalized 107 yards, got careless. They were called for pass interference on their two, and Billy Gannon slammed over for the winning touchdown.

Dallas was not the only place where outlanders were treated shabbily. In Houston RICE made up for frequent blunders by scoring 10 points in 46 seconds to beat Stanford 23-13. At College Station TEXAS A&M's big line finally found someone it could hold, and the Aggies mangled Houston 23-13.

Inside the conference BAYLOR Quarter-

back Don Trull and Flanker Back Larry Elkins pulled off the upset of the year against Arkansas. Trull completed 21 of 34 passes for 241 yards and two touchdowns, both by Elkins, and the Hogs went down, 14-10. Coach Frank Broyles's explanation was positively accurate: "We tried to rush Trull but couldn't get him down. We had two men on Elkins, but we couldn't stop him." TCU bumbled and fumbled dreadfully, but the Frogs had Tommy Crutcher, and he led them past Texas Tech 35-3.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OREGON (3-1)
2. USC (2-2) 3. OREGON STATE (2-2)

WASHINGTON's Jim Owens, desperate enough after three losses to turn to almost anything, came up with a variety of unpleasanties for Oregon State. He moved Al Lake, 6-foot-5, second-string quarterback, to end, and the Husky passing game, under surly criticism by local patriots, suddenly produced nine completions in 12 attempts, good for two touchdowns. Red-dogging Linebacker Rick Redmond put teeth into the pass defense and Gordon Queen, Oregon State's good passer, was held scoreless. Then, just for kicks, little sophomore Scabbie Steve Bramwell returned a punt 92 yards. The Huskies won 34-7.

DUKE, with Billy Futrell and Scotty Glacken throwing, Jay Wilkinson catching and practically everybody running, rolled up 487 yards and 31 first downs against CALIFORNIA. But all the Blue Devils got for their trouble was a 22-21 tie when Cal's Craig Morton and Jack Schraub, who have been playing catch in their home town of Campbell, Calif. since they were four years old, teamed up on a 32-yard alley-oop pass. Schraub's description of the play: "Craig threw hard, just at the tips of the defense's outstretched hands. I waited for the ball to be tipped and then caught it." A likely story.

As long as UCLA let Larry Zeno pass, the Bruins stayed with SYRACUSE. UCLA, however, unaccountably went to the ground in the second half, and that was disastrous. The big Syracuse line held the UCLA runners to two yards, and Jim Nance and Gus Giardi led a ferocious charge that destroyed the Bruins, 29-7. Confident Coach Ben Schwartz-waldner, "Our kids grew up tonight." Remarkable one observer, "If they get any bigger, they won't get into the Coliseum."

OREGON was still coming on strong. The fleetest Webfoots—Mel Renfro, Larry Hill and Lu Bain—ran like the wind, and Bob Berry threw (nine for 11) for 186 yards and two scores in a 41-21 stomping of Idaho.

In the Western AC, UTAH beat Brigham Young 15-6, while WYOMING ran over independent Colorado State 21-3. Two touchdown plunges by ARIZONA fullback Si Gimbel upset Texas Western 13-7, and Tony Lorick led ARIZONA STATE past West Texas 24-16. UTAH STATE slaughtered New Mexico 47-14.

END

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Georgia Tech over Auburn. But Jimmy Sidle, a pleasant surprise, can worry Tech.

Duke over Clemson. The chewed-up Tigers face a new terror—Blue Devil speed.

Texas over Arkansas. The lively Longhorns, however, will have to be wary.

Penn State over Syracuse. Bolder on attack, State will outscore the good Orangemen.

Oklahoma over Kansas. Both teams can run, but the Sooners have an edge—defense.

Illinois over Minnesota. The Illini are just a bit better, on offense and defense.

Notre Dame over UCLA. The Irish are bigger, tougher and more determined.

Delaware over Ohio. Best of the small colleges, Delaware has big-league muscles.

USC over Ohio State. After Notre Dame, the Trojans will be more alert.

Wyoming over Brigham Young. The Cow-boys hope to win with Wilkinson's passing.

OTHER GAMES

AIR FORCE OVER HARTLAND
ALABAMA OVER TENNESSEE
HARVARD OVER COLUMBIA
LEW OVER KENTUCKY
MICHIGAN STATE OVER INDIANA
N.C. STATE OVER NORTH CAROLINA
OREGON STATE OVER WASH. STATE
RICE OVER SMU
WASHINGTON OVER STANFORD
WISCONSIN OVER IOWA

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

10 RIGHT, 1 WRONG, 2 TIES
SEASON'S RECORD: 48-25-6

Despite consistently stout play in the morning rounds, the visiting Ryder Cup team collapsed each afternoon before blazing American putters and the inspired captaincy of Arnold Palmer



HANDS THROW HIGH IN FRUSTRATION, WELSHMAN HUGGETT LOSES TOUCH AFTER LUNCH IN MATCH AGAINST CASPER AND PALMER

The British went out in the noonday sun

At lunchtime on each of the first two days of the Ryder Cup golf matches last weekend it looked as if there might be some suspense over the outcome. Just the suspicion of doubt provided a mild trauma for U.S. golf, in view of the lopsided results of this series throughout most of its 37-year history. Actually, if play had been called on account of rain after the morning rounds on each of the three days, the British team would have come out with a tie. But as soon as the sun moved overhead in the sky above Atlanta, Captain Arnold Palmer and his nine teammates became unbeatable. The British did not win even one afternoon match, although Brian Huggett and Dave Thomas did manage to halve with Bob Goalby and Dave Ragan on Satur-

day, and Peter Alliss drew with Tony Lema on Sunday. As a result, the final score on Sunday evening was, from the British point of view, slightly cataclysmic—23 to 9.

Out on the beautifully gardened fairways of the East Lake Country Club, the difference in the skills of the British and American professionals hardly seemed that extreme. Of the 24 matches played during the first 2½ days, 13 went the full distance of 18 holes. The British won four of these and halved five more.

Despite the antemeridian flurries of the British, there was a great deal of speculation all weekend around the East Lake club about why the visitors did not do better. They were not conspicuously outdriven except in the case of their Tom

Halliburton, who is 48 years old, and they were, on the whole, just as straight with their woods and long irons.

The American players generously suggested that the major difference between the two teams was in the size of their golf balls. The British elected to use their smaller ball, believing they would not have sufficient time to adjust to the larger American ball, and they discovered with pleasure that their own ball could be easily played off the carpet-like fairways of East Lake. "But around the greens," observed Bill Casper Jr., who played some of the finest golf of his career for the home side, "the British ball is a handicap. It sinks deeper into the Bermuda rough here, while our ball sits on top of the rough. They just can't con-

continued

trol their chipping as well as we can, and their ball is harder to putt, too."

Another very obvious failure of the British ball was its inability to grip the greens on an approach shot. In Britain this makes no difference, for the pitch-and-run is the standard approach to the hard British greens, which rarely receive any artificial watering. The greens at East Lake, however, had the softness of most American greens, and our professionals were able to strike their approaches right at the pins, knowing that the backspin on the American ball would bite and hold.

"We really lost the matches on the putting greens," concluded John Fallon, the Scotsman who served the British as nonplaying captain. "On balance, all our chaps played well, just about as well as yours, I would say, but they putted very badly. Your chaps made ours look stupid on the greens. Of course, we aren't accustomed to this bent grass, which has a very distinct grain to it, and I'm sure that if we had putted as well as your chaps it would have been a very tight match all the way."

Yet that was only part of the story. The American pros play tournament

golf from the beginning of the year to the end. The British tournament season is barely six months long. The additional competition on this side of the ocean teaches the Americans how to get the ball in the hole even when they are not playing their best golf. This was enough of an advantage to swing the balance to the Americans in those early matches that might have gone either way.

The format of this year's Ryder Cup meeting, whose scene alternates every two years between Britain and the U.S., was considerably different from the past. It used to be a two-day event—the first devoted to four 36-hole foursome (alternate shot) matches, the second to eight 36-hole singles matches for a combined total of 12 points. The first change in this classic formula came two years ago at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, when all the matches were reduced to 18 holes, and thus the number of matches on each day doubled. This, it was felt, or hoped, would provide the underdog British with a better chance to score some upsets over the shorter haul. This year a third day of four-ball team matches was added, a form of golf that most Americans prefer to play at their clubs on a weekend but that is considered an abomination for tournament

golf by the purists. For one thing, when two expert players are using their better ball, it will almost invariably take a birdie or an eagle to win a hole, so the match evolves into a putting contest.

The delight, if not the surprise, of the matches was the superb performance of Palmer. He started off shakily in the opening foursome match on Friday morning, partnered with young Johnny Pott, and they lost 3 and 2 to Huggert and George Will, the two youngest British players. In the afternoon, Palmer teamed with Casper, and they overwhelmed the Huggert-Will team 5 and 4.

In Saturday's four-ball matches, Palmer teamed with his old roommate from bachelor days, Dow Finsterwald. They won their morning match 5 and 4, and their afternoon match 3 and 2. Over the 30 holes they played on Saturday they were 13 under par. Of the 10-man American team, Billy Maxwell was the only one to be undefeated in the matches, but only Palmer and Finsterwald played morning and afternoon rounds three days running, a physical ordeal that neither had undergone in years.

Through it all, Captain Palmer had the added burden of running the strategy and tactics of the American side, an honor that has more than once proved a thorny rose to players lacking the confidence of their peers. Although this American side lacked experience, with only half of its members (Palmer, Casper, Finsterwald, Gene Littler and Julius Boros) having previous Ryder Cup competition, there was not a dissident among them. Palmer's fellow pros, like his "Army," appreciated his superqualities as a man, and they showed it by doing their utmost.

"I never felt pressure like this in any tournament in my life," Johnny Pott said on Sunday afternoon. "I don't know whether it's because you're playing for your country or because you don't want to let the rest of the team down. But I never wanted to win so badly."

It was quite obvious from the beginning of the matches that the British did not truly expect to win. "We'll be satisfied as long as we do well," Fallon said in advance. "As long as it's not a run-away, we'll feel that we've put on a good show. After all, we've never won the thing on your side of the ocean."

Well, they missed by a good distance in 1963, but they put on the kind of show that left everyone admiring their gutsiness. "They've got a real good ball club," Bill Casper said.

END



INFECTED BY TEAM SPIRIT, YOUNG JOHNNY POTT FIGHTS PRESSURE WITH BRIEF REST



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The French view the game with utter indifference, but they have never seen a Palmer and Nicklaus playing against the world's best on a Louis XIV farm



Championship in a royal barnyard

Since there are only 15,000 golfers in France out of a population of 46 million, most Frenchmen are inclined to agree with George Bernard Shaw's description of the game as a "wonderful walk spoiled by a little white ball." More exactly, the French regard golf as an Anglo-Saxon gentlemen's pastime for the rich, the old and the fat.

But next week an important golf tournament will be played in France at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche, an attractive if not exactly elegant course located on the site of one of Louis XIV's farmyards near Versailles—the clubhouse was actually a large barn on what was Louis' "royal farm." Built in the 18th century of rough-hewn stone, it is replete with ivy and roses, fountains and a moat from which swans trumpet at golfers on the first tee. There are now indications that what is going to happen at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche will have considerable influence on the French view of golf. The event is the 11th International Golf Championship. Thirty-three countries have named two-man teams to compete for the trophy known as the Canada Cup, and the fact that the best golfers in the world will be on display at Louis' farm is exciting the French press.

ANCIENT CLUBHOUSE at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche housed the king's farm animals.

Until recently French newspapers totally ignored golf. The country's sports fans had never heard of Arnold Palmer or Jack Nicklaus. They knew Ray Charles, but who, *mon dieu*, was Bob Charles? Lately, however, the conservative morning newspaper *Le Figaro* and the sports daily *L'Équipe* have been running golf articles almost every day.

Just how many French spectators will turn out to watch Palmer and Nicklaus, who are representing the U.S., and three-score and four other players go around Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche four days in a row is still a mystery. Alert to every opportunity to increase the gallery, the tournament committee has let it be known that the Duke of Windsor, ex-King Leopold, Italian Prince Ruspoli and Prince Michel de Bourbon-Parme may well be following the play. The committee also made arrangements to employ a number of girl caddies dressed in blue uniforms topped off by red berets. Such moves should help with those segments of the French sporting public that are royalty-minded or girl-minded—i.e., about all of it.

Advance ticket sales have been brisk—in American circles. The U.S. Army and SHAPE report keen interest in the Canada Cup from Barcelona to Berlin. Chartered planes and trains are expected to bring thousands of golf-loving American

soldiers to Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche. So Arnie's Army will be regular Army.

The Canada Cup may put golf on the sports map of France for the first time, but historians can point out that golf was being played in France when St. Andrews was still a sand dune. The first reference to the game dates back to 1421 and the Hundred Years' War. A Scottish expeditionary force had come to help the French, who were besieged by the English at the town of Brezé in Anjou. It was Easter, and a holiday truce was declared. Saturday evening the English treacherously attacked, confident that they would surprise the Scots at the dinner table. But, taking advantage of the truce, the Scots were miles away playing golf. They spotted the English assailants, sounded the alarm, and the attackers were routed.

The history of golf in France seems curiously linked to wars with the English. The officers of a Scottish regiment under the Duke of Wellington played golf in the meadows around Pau in the Pyrenees in 1814, and it was at Pau in 1856 that the first French golf club was founded. By the turn of the century, the formal-minded French were playing golf in scarlet coats with gold buttons at Mesnil-le-Roi near the horse racing town of Maisons-Laffitte, and the sport had spread to Biarritz and Cannes. At

continued

the outbreak of World War I France had 32 golf courses.

Today there are about 80 courses in the country, a dozen of them in the Paris area. Several more are under construction or in the blueprint stage, and the sport would be doing even better if the last war hadn't caused damage at a great many courses. Antiaircraft batteries, for example, took over La Beaulieu, near Versailles, while courses at Etretat, Deauville and Cannes were truffled with land mines. Cabbages and leeks sprouted from fairways at Le Havre, Divonne-les-Bains and Nancy. Even now, there is not a single public course in France. Many courses, like Saint-Cloud and Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche, are owned by golf-playing shareholders. A mineral water company is proprietor of the Evian course, and hotels own one at Deauville. Institut de France, the famous cultural institution, inherited the Chantilly course and runs it, while Mont-Agely belongs to the Monte Carlo Casino.

Yearly club dues in France range from a low of \$80 to \$600. Green fees vary from \$3 during the week on one of the less swank courses to \$15 on weekends at the best clubs. That seems like a lot of money to Frenchmen, who are accustomed to paying 40¢ or 50¢ for bleacher seats at soccer games or bicycle races.

"Most unfortunately," says Prince Michel de Bourbon-Parma, president of the Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche club, "it is very expensive to play golf in France. Another brake on golf's popularity is psychological. If you are a Frenchman who does not play golf, you think it is the silliest game in the world. Golf has a great future in France, but first the middle class must cease to regard it as an upper-class pastime akin to polo."

The very fact that playing golf is a status symbol in France ought to induce bourgeois Frenchmen to try the game. "After all," says Jacques Légère, president of the French Golf Federation, "who would have thought 10 years ago that the wine- and brandy-drinking French would adopt Scotch whisky as a national beverage? Why not now the Scots game of golf?"

Enough golf is played in France to provide a livelihood for 120 professionals. The proportion of Basques among these pros is about as high as that of Irishmen on the New York City police force. French golf pros are obliged to earn their living giving lessons because

there is no professional tour. In fact, 1963 was considered by French pros as an exceptionally good year for tournaments, because there were seven of them instead of the usual two or three. The top prize of \$5,000 or \$6,000 is also regarded as pretty good. Not that French pros are unaware of the American golfers' pro tour and their fabulous winnings. But they don't complain, undoubtedly because they do well giving lessons. For fear of "le fisc" (internal revenue department), French pros will not publicly estimate their earnings, but the better ones probably make \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year.

As the number of golf courses has risen from around 55 in 1946 to the present 80, French golfers have tripled their ranks from 5,000 to 15,000. The latter figure is accurate, because the document-loving French hand out "licenses" to anyone practicing any sport, from ping-pong to pole-vaulting. Fully a third of France's 15,000 golfers are women, and the general quality of their play is good. Many take lessons for months before playing their first round.

Led by a lady

There have been no Bobby Joneses in French golfing history, nor is there a Palmer or Nicklaus on the scene today. Only once has a French player won the British Open, and that was Arnaud Massy way back in 1907. The names of the French competitors in the Canada Cup, Jean Garraude and Jean-Claude Harismendy (both Basques), are unknown outside their golfing circles. Sport followers recognize only one name in French golf—that of Brigitte Varangot, 23, who, despite tonsillitis, won the British women's amateur championship at Newcastle, Ireland late last month. *L'Équipe* splashed the story of her victory under a front page headline: FRENCH EXPLOIT IN GOLF.

The course on which host pros Garraude and Harismendy must confront the world's best next week is located half an hour from Paris and hardly a tourist's walk from Versailles. The nearest villages are Saint-Nom and La Bretèche, hence the name of the club. This lovely region is known as Ile-de-France. Nowadays scout troops and Sunday picnickers wander over the area's green rolling hills, but for centuries it was a favorite section of Bourbon kings and their courtiers. That explains why the clubhouse of Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche cuts so superb an architec-

tural figure, ancient barn though it is.

If the clubhouse is a distinctive two centuries old, the course is not, and more's the pity. Five years ago the fairways of Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche were hilly slopes planted with beets and potatoes. Like a good wine, a golf course should have a few years to mellow, and five years are not enough. Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche has almost no trees—there is but one short lane of them on two holes and a golfer would have to work very hard to get into trouble among them. The course is liberally trapped but, unaccountably, some of the traps were built backward. Their high side is away from the green, while their low side flows toward the putting surface, making it a simple matter to putt or chip out of them. A 6,821-yard par-73 layout, it has three very easy par 5s that bid hitters are going to birdie frequently.

On the other hand, its fairways are fine at any time and are now especially lush—thanks to a wretched summer in which there has been nothing but rain. The greens are both good and treacherous. They are extremely fast, and this may in the end prove to be the most important factor in deciding who wins this year's Canada Cup.

In Palmer and Nicklaus the U.S. has as strong a team as has ever represented it—and five of its previous teams have been good enough to win. The inclination is to think this pair will prove unbeatable. But if Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche's greens stay extra fast, the safest way to hit into them may be with pitch-and-run shoes instead of irons smacked boldly to the pin. Americans are less familiar with this pitch-and-run style of play than most foreign golfers and don't much care for it. This could counterbalance some of the U.S. advantage of the tees—no two-man team has ever hit woods any farther than Palmer and Nicklaus—and make a close match of it.

Prince Michel de Bourbon-Parma, admittedly a prejudiced observer, considers the advantage of local knowledge and says the U.S. may rightly worry about teams with such internationally experienced players as Bob Charles, Roberto de Vicenzo and the especially dangerous Gary Player on them, but says Palmer and Nicklaus had better not forget the French. He points out that the Japanese won in Tokyo and the Australians in Melbourne, and he claims there is an excellent chance for a French victory at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche. Louis XIV would like that.

END



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A do-it-yourself guide to the 2-year-olds

For the amateur handicapper who would like to try his hand at Experimental ratings, here is a start: Roman Brother and Golden Ruler. Then go on from there

When Financier Lou Wolfson's undefeated Raise a Native retired from the 2-year-old skirmishes in midsummer with tendon trouble, a lot of racegoers who had been eagerly anticipating the arrival of a true champion were reduced to melancholy. Not the least disconsolate was Wolfson himself. "When you lose a horse like Raise a Native it's a terrible blow," he said mournfully last Saturday as he stood in the Aqueduct paddock watching the field of 11 youngsters parade before the 92nd running of the one-mile Champagne Stakes. "About the best you can do is hope that something else in your stable can be a suitable substitute."

"Roman Brother just might be the re-

placement we're looking for," Wolfson said as he studied a compact little gelding he picked up for \$23,500 last winter. There was no need for Wolfson to add something that the crowd of 50,732 had already discovered in the form sheets: Roman Brother had won the only three races of his young career.

A few minutes later Roman Brother made it four for four. The gelding by Third Brother out of the Roman mare Roman Zephyr took the Champagne by four and a half lengths from the Hopeful winner, Traffic. With the victory went a nice little pot of \$152,150, which, even if it doesn't make Wolfson forget Raise a Native, certainly won't do his bank account any harm.

Where does all this leave the 2-year-old situation? Well, I think it leaves it pretty much on the backs of just two horses, both undefeated, Roman Brother and Mary Fisher's Golden Ruler, winner of the Arlington-Washington Futurity (SI, Sept. 16).

A lot of horsemen would have you believe—as they often do at this time of year—that the whole 2-year-old division is pretty ordinary, which is a word they love to toss around. Nobody really can tell how good the crop is just yet, but now, as the distances stretch out, it is reasonable to make a tentative evaluation. It's fun to try one's own Experimental, and do it now, before the official Experimental Handicap ratings are published in January.

The Experimental is a handicapper's projection of what any bunch of 2-year-olds might develop into as 3-year-olds. These juveniles are going to make up the fields for next year's Triple Crown races, and the difficulty of putting together an Experimental is that you are attempting to guess what a horse who is running at seven and eight furlongs now will do at a mile and a quarter later on.

The development of winter racing makes this task increasingly complicated. Form will be changing constantly in the next six months. Consider, too, that many of next year's better 3-year-olds haven't started yet, and so we have no form on them at all. I have handicapped the Experimental served up for consideration on this page on the basis of current 2-year-olds going a theoretical mile and a sixteenth at the very end of this year, rather than pounding a mile and a quarter next May. To claim that it is any kind of definitive rating of 3-year-old form would be madness.

So here is my Experimental; it includes some unfamiliar names, and these belong to horses which seem to have potential, though they have not yet had a full chance to prove it.

END

AN EXPERIMENTAL EXPERIMENTAL

WEIGHT	NAME	BREEDING	OWNER
126	Roman Brother	Third Brother—Roman Zephyr	Louis E. Wolfson
126	Golden Ruler	King of the Tudors—Fulvous	Mary V. Fisher
124	Chieftain	Beld Ruler—Pocahontas	Raymond R. Guetz
122	Timbeau	Tim Tams—Bona Jet	Cambridge Stable
121	Traffic	Tony Lee or Traffic Judge—Capelet	Reginald N. Webster
120	Malicious	Heliocope—Blackbull	Greentree Stable
120	Duel	Round Table—Lea Moon	Claiborne Farm
119	Black Mountain	Tudor Mistrel—Portage	Joseph M. Roebbing
119	Close By	Touhouc Lastruc—Best Form	Rex C. Ellsworth
119	Amstar	Amrullah—Star Wish	Grace Creek Farm
119	Buipers	Double Jay—Basanda	Marion R. Frankel
119	Mr. Brick	Johns Joy—Feronia	Roy Sturgis
118	National	Nashua—Prophets Bell	Reginald N. Webster
118	Dunfee	Hilarious—Jacobs	Dorothy C. Riggs
118	Delirium	Cohoes—My Sin	Greentree Stable
117	Court Bud	Nashua—Sherry Jen	Louis F. Wolfson
116	The Soundrel	Touhouc Lastruc—Malekeh	Rex C. Ellsworth
116	Trider	Swaps—Registor	Greentree Stable
115	Ishkoodah	Needles—Fitchard	Tumblewood Stable
114	lampay	Blue Gay—Rejuvenate	Gene Goff
114	Court Fano	Doc Court—Ereabath	Grace Creek Farm
113	Quadrangle	Cohoes—Tap Day	Paul Mellon
113	Irakup	Alcibiades 2nd—Exclusive	Louis E. Wolfson
113	Clem Pac	Clem—Pacifica 2nd	Mary D. Keim
113	Perrins	Traffic Judge—Easy Eight	Philip Godfrey
113	Perris	Social Climber—Shasta Wake	McL M. Burns



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HAPPY AS ONLY HE CAN BE, CUS D'AMATO FISHES FOR BASS IN AN UPSTATE POND

'I am a bit of a fanatic'

So confesses Cus D'Amato, a zealous bass fisherman who talks to the fish. 'Hey,' he says, 'people are gonna think I'm crazy altogether'

When Floyd Patterson was heavyweight champion, his eccentric manager, Cus D'Amato, often disappeared mysteriously. For weeks on end no one knew where to look. Rumors flew that D'Amato was in Detroit or Spokane or Indianapolis lining up some palooka for Floyd to flatten in two.

Now that Patterson is no longer champion, the truth may be told about those mysterious trips: D'Amato had gone f-i-s-h-i-n-g. Cus has been fishing for the past few years, and he has entered into it with all the zest, verve and passion that he used to bring to boxing. "I am," he whispers in conspiratorial fashion, "a bit of a fanatic."

Cus is putting it mildly. Never has there been such an angler as he. He plots against the bass in much the same way he used to hatch schemes to foil Jim Norris. He talks to the fish. He shouts at the fish. He buys lures by the ton. He dreams about fish. He lives to fish. Fishing is all he cares for. "It's a good thing I didn't

fish when I was a kid," he says. "I never would have done anything else."

Cus began fishing in 1960, when he went to upstate New York to get away from the aftermath of the Rosensohn investigation. But in the country, he became bored. A kindly friend suggested that he pass the time fishing. Cus went, and he liked it. He did not catch anything the first day (neither did his friend), but he was just fascinated casting a lure with a spinning rod. "I didn't even know what a lure was!" he exclaims. On the second day out, he caught a smallmouth bass. That did it. "Catching a bass," Cus says, "is like getting bit by a mosquito with malaria. You get a disease."

The friend could not fish the next day, but he arose at sunrise to drive Cus to a nearby creek. "I was all alone," Cus recalls, "and then in a while it began to get dark. I thought I was gonna get caught in a thunderstorm. I began to get the gear together, and then, suddenly, it dawned on me. It was gettin' darker and

darker! It wasn't a thunderstorm. It was nighttime! The whole day gone! I lost a whole day in my life without realizing it. I wondered what happened. I thought I was all A day went by, it seemed like an hour!"

"When I saw my friend, he laughed and said, 'This is normal. This is what happens to people who like fishin'.' Holy smokes, I said to myself, I bet he's careful. If I do this every day, one day I'll look in the mirror and see an old man. You don't know how many times I've been in bed and wondered whether this is an illness. A particular type of illness, where you get pleasure, not pain, where you get reinforced each time. Where you want to get reinfected!"

When D'Amato goes fishing now, he wears everything: jacket, creel, hat, the whole bit. "If I look like a nonfisherman," he says, "the fish won't want to be caught. They have pride. So I remove this possible area of resistance. The fish look up, and they say, 'Ah, there's a real fisherman.' Should the fish balk, Cus pleads with them. "I sort of talk it up," he says. "I invent stories for them. I think all the fish, all the adult fish, are tellin' all the others not to bite. Somebody must be instructin' them! If you go out there with confidence and proceed with enthusiasm, you'll get better results. When I'm there, it seems normal." When Cus lands a fish, he will call out to the bass below. "Hey! He needs some company! C'mon up here with him." Asked why he does this, he explains, "The fish don't care about me. They care about one another. I try to appeal to their emotional side. Hey, people are gonna think I'm crazy altogether."

D'Amato loves tackle almost as much as he loves fishing. At last count, he had 34 rods, 20 reels and countless boxes of lures, in which were entangled 1,500 Mepps spinners. He's just crazy about Mepps spinners. When the world is troubling him and a trap upstate is impossible, he will quietly close his office door, haul forth the loot from a closet and gloat over it. "My vice," he confides.

D'Amato does not dare to walk past a tackle shop with money in his pocket. Yet he cannot keep away. When he walks into a shop, the salesman shout, "He's here!" Who he is they do not know. All they know is that he reappears periodically to buy out the stock. "They act like I'm a character," Cus says, a trifle irked. He is such an easy mark that the salesmen now try to talk him out of buying

things. They have to keep in practice some way. "How much is that?" Cus asked the other day at Herman's, a Manhattan sporting goods store, his hands greedily grabbing and encircling an imported Swedish reel.

"You don't want that," the clerk said, reaching for it hastily.

"Why not?" Cus demanded, affronted.

"Because it's for trolling, and you said you didn't troll."

"How do you know I won't?" Cus asked.

"I don't," the clerk said, "but why don't you wait until you do?" By now, the clerk's fingers had worked their way around the reel, and with a triumphant cry he snatched it away from a dejected D'Amato.

"I guess you're right," Cus said sadly. D'Amato's fascination with fishing has led him into the larger world of nature. Not long ago, he told a friend, "I've been hearing about a guy I want to learn about. I've heard a lot of quotes, and after I heard his name with the fourth or fifth one, I said to myself that I gotta know this guy better."

"Who's the guy?" the friend asked.

"Thoreau," Cus said.

"Thoreau?" the friend exclaimed.

"You know him?" Cus asked excitedly.

The friend explained that Thoreau had died 100 years ago. Then he went on somewhat to talk about Thoreau's philosophy. D'Amato was entranced. It was, Cus said, too bad that Thoreau was dead. He would have liked to have known him personally. "You probably would have become friends, Cus," the friend said. "Ah," Cus said, "you're just makin' fun of me."

But the chances are that if Thoreau were alive today, he and Cus would be friends indeed. Both would have at least one thing in common—an unusual approach to life. Cus bore this out recently while getting dressed for a fishing trip. As he sat on the edge of his bed, he carefully spread his trousers out on the floor. Then, with a joyous whoop, he quickly pulled both trouser legs toward him and in an instant was on his feet with his pants on. "I've always had a reason for doing that," Cus said. "You know when guys in boxin' come to me and try to put the bull on me, they say, 'Listen, D'Amato, you're no different from me. When you get dressed, you put your pants on one leg at a time.' And you know what I do when they say that? I laugh. I just have to laugh."

END

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The master shawman of Cypress Gardens, Dick Pope turned a Florida swamp into a raad-shaw Eden af exatic blaams and blaaming girls. The girls were initially a press agent's whimsy—but they helped parlay batany and water skiing into a multimillian-dallar taurist attraction

BABES IN A SWAMPLAND

by WILLIAM B. FURLONG

The most insistent, irrepressible and thoroughly outrageous promoter in sports and tourism today is a kinctic little man of 63 who likes to boast that his son is the "only Catholic Pope I know who's married to a beautiful woman." His name is Dick Pope Sr., and he is the apotheosis of press agency, which is to say that he has the looks of John L. Lewis, the taste of William Randolph Hearst and the restraint of Attila on the march. In the last 25 years or so, he has done more for the well-filled bathing suit than the built-in bra, converted a fetid swamp in central Florida into a national shrine for tourists, left the impression that if he did not quite conceive or give birth to water skiing he at least gave it legitimacy and provided a constant and buoyant irritant for his bitter rival, the state of California. "I just *love* your state," he once told California-based Conrad Hilton, the hotel man. "I bought my first and only overcoat there."

All this has helped make Cypress Gardens, a 164-acre botanical sunburst near Winter Haven, Fla., into the nation's most implausibly successful tourist attraction. Built in a swamp some four miles from the nearest main highway, it now lures more than 1.1 million visitors a year, and it ranks, according to Pope—who can be believed about as much as P. T. Barnum could—along with Grand Canyon as the most photogenic sight in America. The difference is that the canyon was built by God and nature and merely exposed to man, while Cypress Gardens is strictly a phenomenon that was developed—virtually in defiance of nature—by man alone. In building Cypress Gardens, Pope had little to work with but his imagination, his industry and his continued

A key figure in the kind of scene he uses to splash the fame of his gardens across the country, Pope calmly accompanies one of his sons.



unharnessed ambition. "Travel is the third largest industry in America," he booms, "and we want to be the biggest thing in it."

His success has lifted Dick Pope to a celestial level—financial as well as civic—that is as foreign to an oldtime press agent as thanks from a client. He and his family have become multimillionaires. The gardens gross, according to one estimate, some \$7,500 a day. He has become a member of Florida's Hall of Fame—along with John Ringling North and Steve Hannagan, the late panjandrum of Miami Beach—and he has become an international figure of almost terrifying chic. At his midget best, he likes to entertain everybody from the King of Saudi Arabia to Bill Hartack—wearing, in either case, a gold lamé dinner jacket with a velvet collar. His words and actions are followed breathlessly by the Florida press (FLORIDIAN KEEPS WATCHFUL EYE ON LEBANON headlined one paper of a Pope visit to the Middle East), and his spicy bouillabaisse of fact and flummery is accepted with a reverence that borders on the Biblical. Through it all, Dick Pope has been able to maintain the melancholy stigmata of the professional promoter: the conviction, though nobody understands it but himself, that sunshine is merely a portent of a total eclipse, that just around the corner lurks a man with an upraised club and that at the foot of every rainbow is a pot of burning rubbish.

To rise above all these fears, Dick Pope has applied his gaudy talents as relentlessly as the driving rods on a locomotive. He is inspired by the extravagant. Once he was restrained from throwing a million gardenias off the top of the Empire State Building only by a government order. He is sensitive to the impact of the trilling. He plugs Cypress Gardens on everything from place mats and menu covers in restaurants to jigsaw puzzles and the covers of phonograph albums (Chopin's piano themes). He is indifferent to the exactness of science—"What kind of romance is there in a flower called *Philadelphus eichleri*? I'm gonna call it Sir Ivanhoe's Shield!"—and the patience of friends. He insists they file all his correspondence under B for

"Beautiful Cypress Gardens." He is splendidly indifferent about cost. He spent \$200,000 to help out the producers of a feature-length movie being made at Cypress Gardens, including \$63,000 for a swimming pool shaped like the state of Florida. Another time he contributed \$15,000 to an \$87,000 "expense fund" for a *Wide World* TV crew shooting in Florida and Cypress Gardens (though NBC subsequently returned the money to its donors), and still another time he spent \$40,000 building an intimate little "den" in his home for a brief appearance on *Person to Person*, then couldn't arrange to be around when the show was to be shot.

The expenses that he enjoys most are for photography. He keeps seven full-time photographers on his staff and claims to have spent \$230,000 on their activities last year (compared with \$280,000 for maintaining the gardens). Photography is quite clearly his obsession. "You can put a letter in front of him and he won't read it," says one associate. "You can talk to him and he won't listen. But you can give him a photograph and he'll study it for 20 minutes and then tell you 10 ways it could have been done better."

Through his pictures Pope figures to steal more magazine and newspaper space at less cost than in any other way. "I could always buy advertising space for the money I spend on publicity," he once said candidly, "but I could never get the position buying space that picture editors will give me for free." When he started Cypress Gardens he gave 10% of the action to a photographer named Robert Dahlgren, who among other things helped him be sure the grounds would be photogenic. Over the years he has sent out a million publicity photographs as well as contributing to the support—financial and esthetic—of some 1,000 newsreels, 350 movie shorts and three feature-length movies. When you consider that he is trying to publicize a garden, most of his photographs are triumphant irrelevancies—girls in bathing suits. (He once arranged 27,838 grapefruits around one bathing beauty to get one photograph of Cypress Gardens.) He insists on the value of the irrelevancy:



Countless publicity shots like this are sent

few picture editors are interested in photographs of flowers, but all of them—"except those on *The New York Times*"—are interested in pictures of girls in bathing suits. The result is that plugs for Cypress Gardens have been on the covers of some 300 magazines, ranging from *Life* to the Holiday Inn publication, and one of his pictures appeared in 3,670 different publications around the world.

In the low-cunning tradition of the great press agent, Pope has always been vaguely dissatisfied merely with getting free publicity. He feels that people ought to pay him to plug his product.



ent by Pope on the theory that editors who do not publish pictures of trees and flowers do publish pictures of trees and flowers and girls.

Curiously enough, some people do. Certain businesses and ad agencies rent some of the more exotic space in Cypress Gardens to make ads and commercials for their products. The location fee is \$250 a day, except for the Aquarama pool, which costs \$300. In addition, the agencies must agree to plug Cypress Gardens in the ad. "We pay Dick Pope," says one ad agency dryly. "\$50,000 a year for the privilege of publicizing his own place."

Far more advanced and sophisticated is Pope's crafty appreciation of the tourist's unbridled passion for being exploit-

ed. He charges adults \$2 apiece to enter Cypress Gardens (small children get in free), then enlists them as unwitting agents. While the tourists wander about inside, riding electric boats through the canals (\$60,000 a year), buying him to take pictures of Cypress Gardens (\$300,000 a year) and buying souvenirs that prominently mention Cypress Gardens (\$500,000 a year), three of Pope's men are assigned the full-time task of pasting Cypress Gardens stickers on the bumpers of their parked cars. "Bumper stickers are a lot harder to get off than any other kind," says Pope happily.

The *re plus ultra* of this technique is an approach he calls OPM₂—"Our Picture Material plus Other People's Money." To provide the picture material, he has girls in antebellum hoop skirts scattered among picture-postcard scenes all through the gardens. "Vistas!" he cries, framing a scene with his hands, like a movie director. "You've got to have vistas! Not just views! Vistas! A panorama around every corner!" He makes sure everybody can get a picture of the water show by running it in one direction in the morning and the opposite direction in the afternoon, so nobody will have to

continued

shoot into the sun. To top it all off, he built an "octahedron-tetrahedron" photographers' stand ("30,000 aluminum struts, 33,000 joints, the biggest Tinkertoy in the world") on a dock stretching out into Lake Eloise and then assigned a photographic director there whose voice carries the authority and knowledgeability so dear to the heart of the amateur photographer: "Ektachrome X or Kodachrome X with ASA of 64, shoot 1/100th or 1/125th at f/8. . . . All right, a cloud is coming over, so go down one stop on the light. . . . Frame up on the showboats, movies. . . . Here they come—all right, movies, r-r-roll 'em!" Not only is the photographer told what to shoot and how to shoot but also where to go immediately after the show to get a shot that will make a title board for a movie sequence. "We'll load the camera and shoot the pictures for them if they can't do it themselves," says one photographer. The idea, of course, is that when the amateur photographer comes to splicing and cutting his home movies he tends to discard the washed-out or overexposed shots he took of other tourist attractions—i.e., most of them—and highlight those shots that reflect the high triumph of his great art: the pictures he took at Cypress Gardens. These are the movies he will show over and over again to whatever captive audiences he can lure to his home. "It's the cheapest advertising in the world," says Pope. He even charges his amateur photographers 25¢ a head to get into position to get the movies that will best advertise Cypress Gardens. In return for the privilege, he gives them a badge that says OFFICIAL and PHOTOGRAPHER in very large letters and "guest" in very small ones. "Makes 'em feel good," he says, "and they only cost a cent and a half apiece."

Like all press agents, Dick Pope moves in a nimbus of excitement that is largely of his own creation. He is so highly keyed up that for a long while his staff smuggled tranquilizers into his water in an effort to calm him down. When he found out about it, Pope was more pleased than disturbed. "All my big-shot friends have ulcers or some other respectable disease. I don't have a thing. Why," he complains, "I can afford an ulcer." It is his

nature to give ulcers, not to get them—he has a sign, "The Ulcer Maker," on his desk—and he likes to spend as much time as possible doing it. He frequently arrives at his office at 7 a.m. or earlier to start fretting and worrying and immersing himself in the exquisite bedlam of his operation. His office shows the distinctive touch of an interior decorator on a losing streak. It is wood-paneled, with a great kidney-shaped desk, behind which Pope, who stands but 5 feet 5½ inches tall, looks like a pouty child adrift on a sea of paper. Pope has added his own singular touches. He has hung a sign by the office calling it "The Little Vatican" and another over by the washroom calling it "Marineland." He seems to have left his souvenirs and gifts pretty much where he dropped them. His office is cluttered with everything from a plumed helmet and a formidable suit of armor to an Executive Dart Board ("Ask your barber," "Call a conference," "Leave town"). He has hung bulletin boards and photographic transparencies all around the office, along with corn-soaked signs that reflect his personality: "Where there's life there's Pope" and "I never make mistakes" and "It's easy to arrive at a firm conviction about a problem after you know what the boss thinks." He tops all this off with a unique touch of total anarchy. Anybody who walks past his office, be he office boy or vice-president, is likely to be called upon to perform whatever task is, at that instant, uppermost in Pope's mind. This is an unsettling habit.

Not long ago, while several visitors were lounging around his office, Pope took a long-distance call from a woman he clearly did not want to talk to. ("Hello, gorgeous! Gee, I've missed seeing you!") The woman had composed a song about the glories of Florida, and soon Pope was bouncing up and down in his chair, chanting the words to the song: "Where is the sunshine good? / As good as in Hollywood? / In Florida, in Florida!" He hung up, scribbled on a sheet of paper for a few moments, then held up the paper for his visitors to see. "Hey!" he said. "Is this enough words for a

song?" His visitors responded as if they were in a catatonic state, and Pope quickly—and shrewdly—discerned that he was surrounded by musical illiterates. At that moment, a vice-president rushed past the Vatican door. "Hey!" called Pope, a man who sometimes appears to have difficulty remembering the names of his vice-presidents. "Hey! Can you take this piece of paper and kind of make it look like music?"

Visitors to Cypress Gardens are rarely prepared for the vista of Pope himself as he strides about the gardens, a sartorial symphony in lemon slacks, lemon sport shirt and lemon sport jacket. These sorties into the sun are made the more bizarre by Pope's compulsion, probably a leftover from his press agency days, to stay in exact step with the person he is walking with. Some of his friends and his employees like to entertain themselves by repeatedly breaking step ever so slightly just to watch Pope indulge in spasmodic efforts to keep pace. These darting effects are compounded by the almost reflexive manner in which he swoops down on and picks up every scrap of stray paper on the ground. Indeed, his annoyance at paper-littering is so great that one act in the water show had to be canceled because Pope couldn't stand seeing half a bucket of confetti thrown on the lawn four times a day. All too often he would yield to an urge to get down and start picking up the pieces of paper himself.

His calisthenics are broken only when Pope stops to chat with people. With the boys and girls who work for him he is something of a *pater familias* laced lightly with Groucho Marx. "Don't get into any trouble," he told a couple of youngsters who were going to represent Cypress Gardens at a water show in the Carolinas. "But if you do, call me from the sheriff's office." When he spots a customer, the *bonhomie* bubbles to the surface like warm wine. "Do you mind," asked one tourist, "if we just sort of 'steal' a cutting to take home with us?" Pope beams with all the friendliness of a Jimmy Hoffa on good behavior at an executive Christmas party. "Not at all," he says. "How do you think I got them?"

When he started the gardens, Pope



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knew so little about flowers that he could not spell azalea. "Call it flame vine instead," he advised a secretary. Today he is as expert on more than 4,000 species of plants and flowers in the gardens as any of his 37 gardeners—and he is considerably more expert at embroidering the plants with romantic myths. ("A Portorican [sic] legend," says one sign, "claims that the most bashful of swains will propose under the shade of this bush.") His intent is to offer visitors a concentration of what nature has spread all over the world—a concentration of botanical beauty. There is little doubt that Cypress Gardens succeeds in this better than any other man-made garden—or that the visitors know it. In a random survey of 446 persons taken last spring, some 44% of those interviewed said they had been to Cypress Gardens anywhere from two to six times. That people are delighted with his creation delights Pope, for he insists that the heart of great promotion is giving the customer full value for his dollar spent. "You can cut a man's hair many times," says Pope, "but you can scalp him only once."

A short time ago, Pope walked about the gardens with a visitor, commenting freely, aphoristically and extravagantly on everything from the philosophy of his flamboyant to the phenomenon of Florida. "It used to be only the rich people who came to Florida," he said. "Now it's everybody who can't pay their heating bills back North." What do they expect when they come to Cypress Gardens? "I think a lot of them expect to find that we've got a resort here," he said. "That's the one thing we don't have—a resort. All we've got here is a two-hour attraction where people can come and get drunk with beauty."

He has built an oil-heating system that prevents the flowers from being destroyed during a Florida freeze, and his mind is frequently on the weather. "We put oil in our pots, faith in the Lord, and fire to beat the devil," reads one sign. He usually makes his first call to the weather bureau about 6 a.m., and he can be made joyous by news of a zero-degree day in New York or abysmally unhappy by cold weather in Florida. He delights in humming, "I'm dreaming

of a white Christmas—for the folks in California."

For all his pleasant mummery, Dick Pope offers a substance that goes beyond press agency. He loves to be known as a character. This is his personal passport to a success and a society denied most other men. But he is not a reckless man. The money he throws about so lavishly is tax-deductible, and, unlike the great press agents of the past, he does not intend to die broke. He is also an astonishingly temperate man. He has no great thirst, he is an early-to-bed, early-to-rise type and he and his wife, Julie, try to impose upon the youngsters working in the gardens a moral regimen involving curfews and conduct that is probably stricter than that of the colleges that the kids just left. And if he is not a deep man, Pope does at least possess a prescience that is sometimes mistaken for press agency. During the 1920s, when he was trying to develop a rocket-powered speedboat, he was quoted as saying that rockets "will some day be used to launch airplanes in a limited space." He went on to comment, according to the newspaper report, that "huge rockets in the wings will supplement the motors and can drive planes straight up into the air." Finally, the paper noted with some wonder that Pope "can fancy rockets being fired by radio from a remote point."

Nonetheless, Pope sometimes encounters the press agent's great difficulty: nobody will take him seriously. Fortunately, he has a gift for turning a disaster into cash, and the one has offset the other in a career liberally sprinkled with cash and hard times. Pope was born on April 19, 1900 in Iowa, moved to Minnesota with his family when he was 6 and to Florida in 1911. His father became a real-estate salesman in Winter Haven and, after a few tries at college and other occupations, young Dick joined him. He was an amiable salesman who liked to find his prospects on the golf course and then undertake to sell them orange groves. He was, as a matter of fact, an excellent golfer—he once shot a 62—but he was also flexible enough to play a good salesman's game. When he was not selling or golfing, he was

continued

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immersed in water sports. His brother, Malcolm, was a speedboat driver, and Dick was an aquaplane enthusiast. In fact, he claims to have been the first water-sports man to be borne aloft, a feat that is now a routine part of the Cypress Gardens water show. It happened while he was making one of the stunt sections for an early Paramount newsreel, and it was entirely unplanned. He was cruising along behind a speedboat, driven by his brother, on a winged aquaplane. He had the vague notion that somehow the sail might counteract the drag of his weight on his aquaplane, but he did not realize quite how completely. At one point, Malcolm glanced over his shoulder and saw Dick dangling frantically from the aquaplane some 40 or 50 feet above the water. Malcolm promptly throttled down, causing Dick to lose airspeed. "I did a beautiful Immelmann, went through something resembling a chandelle and then into a perfect stall," he recalls. "After that there was nothing left to do but crash!"

Pope continued in his enthusiasm for water sports more or less as a paying hobby until the middle 1920s when it became, perforce, a profession. The real-estate crash in Florida turned Pope into an ex-salesman at about the time he got married. He met Julie Downing at a golf tournament, soon married her and, though she was well-to-do from the income of family timber holdings in Alabama, Dick did not have much taste for letting her support them. (Julie is a Roman Catholic, but Dick is not; their children were raised in the Catholic faith, which is why their son, Dick Jr., "is the only Catholic Pope I know who's married to a beautiful woman.") At the time, Johnson Motors was about to embark on a publicity campaign on behalf of its outboard motors. Pope started driving north to Waukegan, Ill., stopping at every large city to send a wire to the company president: "Hold all publicity plans until I get there. Your problem is solved." He landed the job at \$12,000 a year. Later he moved to New York to handle publicity for a number of clients, including the outboard motorboat association.

But in the Depression year of 1931 the word went out that publicity men were a luxury. Dick abandoned New York and moved back to Florida. In Winter Haven he started a company to package oranges in wire-bound boxes and was so successful that "the second year we had three competitors and the third year we had 36." He looked around for a new enterprise and remembered reading about a millionaire in Charleston, S.C. who charged 18,000 people some \$2 a head for looking at the gardens on his estate. "Thirty-six thousand dollars just for letting people look at flowers—that sounded pretty good to me," he says. But he had to have an angle. He would build the garden, put in canals among the plants and flowers—"make a real Venice out of the place"—and then sell real estate all around the gardens at extravagant prices. He checked Winter Haven and its many lakes—there are 97 within a five-mile radius of the city—and settled on a 12-acre plot of ground on the shores of Lake Eloise, where a pink stucco yacht club had been built in 1926.

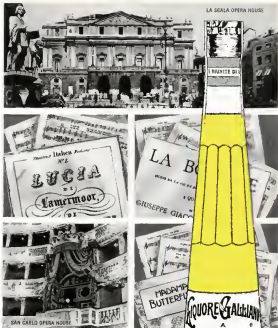
Pope figured to set up the gardens as a public park while operating the real-estate company as his profit-making organization. Accordingly, he persuaded the Winter Haven Canal Commission, which had been building channels connecting many of the lakes around the community, to put up \$2,100 to help build the gardens. Then he went to the Federal Government to get labor for a "make-work" public project. Not long after work on the gardens started, an enormous skepticism arose in Winter Haven, and the feeling grew that this was all a hothouse dream of Pope's. His critics began calling him *The Swam of the Swamp* and *The Maharaja of the Mucklands*, the Federal Government pulled its workers off the project, and the Canal Commission demanded its money back, which Pope paid. Pope then went out and hired 40 men at a dollar a day each and started building the gardens as a private project. He added 48 acres along Lake Eloise by giving the man who owned it, John Seively, 10%.

of the operation for a 99-year lease. He then gave 10% to his photographer, Bob Dahlgren, and still another 10% to a landowner who came home from a trip one day and found Pope's equipment "squatting" on his acreage. Later Pope reacquired 20 of the outstanding 30%—the Snively family still owns 10%—so that he and his family control 90% of the gardens.

It took three years before the gardens were ready to open. By that time, Pope was interested in tourists as well as potential land buyers and, what with one thing and another, the plan to sell real estate was delayed. On opening day, January 2, 1936, Pope has had as many as 8,863 customers in a day. To achieve this increase, Pope had to overcome the natural "attractions" of Winter Haven and central Florida. The area has neither the ocean nor the Gulf to provide cool breezes, cool scenery and wide, sweeping beaches. It has no night life and, until last May, the sale of hard liquor was prohibited within the confines of Polk County, home of Cypress Gardens. Because it was in central Florida and far from the coastal highways, it was inordinately easy to pass by. Actually, its only "natural" attraction was its phosphate mines.

To raise the region to a slightly more supernal level, Dick Pope undertook a publicity campaign that continues today at a frantic pace. He began crowning queens. "Three queens a day on weekends, and if our competition goes to three we'll go to six," he says. He simulated a wedding on water skis. He took a movie through time-lapse photography of a geranium growing, packed the film in perfumed containers and sent it to some 50 TV stations around the country. Forty-five of them used it. He printed millions of small pamphlets that could fit easily into the road maps passed out at service stations. He endorsed, in return for plugs, everything from auto parts to "jet pest-control units." Once when he entered the hospital he loyally wore a Jantzen emblem on the leg of his pajamas for photographers. He sent out

continued



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CYPRESS SHOWMAN *continued*

as many as a thousand photographs a week and now boasts that an one 52-week period his publicity shots appeared 48 times in the *Chicago Tribune*—"with credit." The extent of this photographic deluge reviled in *The New York Times's* declining to print his pictures, and for a while the Associated Press also put an embargo on them.

Pope did not for a moment believe that many tourists would flock to Cypress Gardens for the thrill of watching flowers grow. He was attracting them with an image of sunshine, romance and pretty girls. "You've got to sell something," he says. "I'd sell 'sunny south Alberta' if I had to."

He was helped by a certain serendipity. One time, when the "flame vines" near the entrance were blown down by a storm, Dick was distressed because tourists would take one look at the bedraggled front and drive right by. So Julie dressed a couple of the secretaries in old-fashioned hoop skirts and stationed them out front where they could smile and greet the tourists and maneuver their hoop skirts to conceal the fallen flowers. "And that's how the girls in the old-fashioned dresses started," says Dick.

The water-ski show developed just as accidentally. During World War II, while Dick himself was in the Army, a busload of soldiers pulled up to Cypress Gardens. "When does the show start?" asked one. As it happens, there was no show at Cypress Gardens, but Julie Pope was equal to the challenge. "A little after 3 o'clock," she said. Then she sent a secretary rushing down to the Winter Haven High School to round up Dick Jr. and some of his friends when class let out. All the kids were water-ski nuts and, with the effervescence of youth, they improvised a water-ski "show." The show continued more or less on an after-school basis all through the war, but it did not become institutionalized until the war ended. Today Pope runs such shows off as briskly as a drillmaster—15 acts in 30 minutes—and with all the subtle skills of Quintero directing O'Neill. For a long while he searched for quiet onboard engines that would not distract the customers. Now he looks for noisy outboards for certain acts, such as the

backward barefoot run, because he is convinced that their snarl heightens the dramatic effect. He makes sure that the spills, most of which are wonderfully spectacular and carefully rehearsed, take place right where the amateur photographers can get the best shots. (Photographic director: "All right, movies, go to telephoto lens. . . . Your setting: infinity!") He builds the dramatic tension carefully, alternating it with comic relief, then cuts it off as neatly as a butcher slicing bologna. So swift and arresting is the action that it is doubtful if even 1% of the spectators are aware that following acts are being set up in full view on the lake while the current act passes by.

The water-ski show did more than entertain customers, it encouraged the notion that water skiing *meant* Cypress Gardens. Pope has played host to a number of water-ski tournaments, and Dick Jr. won five national and international titles in a startlingly short while. He also is credited with being the first person to water-ski while barefoot. The renown of the gardens attracted a number of young water-ski addicts who were willing to work at low wages—the girls start at \$45 a week and rarely earn much more than \$70 a week for appearing in the show—in order to get a chance at a title and the fame that goes with it. This year Cypress Gardens skiers hold five national or international titles and records.

Pope is aware that championships will not inevitably attract additional tourists, however. He also realizes that success depends on more than entering the water-ski record books. It involves a constant expansion of the market, expansion against all the odds. Pope widened his market significantly when he decided to keep the gardens open all year round instead of only in the winter months. "Eighty-four percent of the people take their vacations during the summer," he says. "Florida had been trying to get along for years on 16% of the market." The result: Pope now does about as much business in the "off season" as he does in the winter.

His own techniques for building his *continued*



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If you'd like to try it, buy a bottle. (\$1 plus tax.) Use it for a couple of weeks. If you don't like it—send it back and we'll return your money.

We won't be mad. Just surprised. **Yardley**

market involved first getting people to go to Florida—and not to California—and then getting them to central Florida. His approach to California has the engaging belligerence of an unholy war. "People want waving palms," he says with disdain, "not itching palms." His method of luring people to central Florida is considerably more subtle. Unlike most promoters, Pope feels that what is good for his neighbors is good for himself. So he freely and frequently promotes competing tourist attractions in central Florida on the theory that more tourists will be tempted to drive to his region if they can see three or four attractions instead of only one. In the Cypress Gardens souvenir shops a mileage chart showing distances to attractions with the same basic idea—the Florida Wonderland, Parrot Jungle and Monkey Jungle. In four million pamphlets and postcards glorifying Cypress Gardens, he has tossed in a heavy plug for nearby Bok Tower. And after one of his nearest and stiffest competitors, Silver Springs, had a fire, Pope was the first to send out word and play up the fact that "they're open again."

At times, some of Pope's associates and members of his family feel that he engages in publicity for the sheer sake of engaging in publicity. If the publicity budget were cut, they reason, the gate would hardly be affected and the profits would be considerably higher. They feel that the gardens can survive on the goodwill and public attention that Pope has built up over the last quarter century. But Pope is intensely aware that constantly changing modes of travel offer new challenges to Cypress Gardens and that advertising and publicity is vital to meeting those challenges. Tourist attractions like his depend upon vacationers traveling by automobile; indeed, Pope and his family labored as hard to get the roads around Winter Haven improved as they did on promoting their swamp. But today a great many people fly South. They not only fly over central Florida but frequently they fly over all of Florida and vacation in the Caribbean and the Bahamas. "Nassau is one of our toughest competitors now," Pope says. He is also aware that the automobile

continued



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traveler is increasingly seduced by speed and superhighways. He was indignant when the state chose the coastal routes as the place to build its superhighway, but he was even more outraged when the trans-Florida section of the highway was built far to the north of Winter Haven, thus neatly channeling the auto traffic away from Cypress Gardens. "We have two years to live!" said one of the pamphlets he got out for consumption in Winter Haven.

To keep pace with the shift in travel mores, Pope intends to change Cypress Gardens from a "two-hour attraction" into more of a resort. He has already drawn up tentative plans for a huge motor inn, a convention hall, a yacht club, an 18-hole golf course, and perhaps even a bit of a real-estate development around the gardens and the golf course. It was with this in the back of his mind that he led a campaign that resulted in the repeal of Prohibition in Polk County. He does not want to serve drinks in Cypress Gardens—"you'll never see a drink served here"—but he knows that a country club, convention center and yacht club would be virtually helpless without liquor.

So, at the age of 63, Dick Pope is embarking on the labors of expansion. He is, like most great promoters, a non-stop worker. He likes to entertain in that quiet little cypress-lined study that is reminiscent of the cathedral at Chartres. The ceiling there is 20 feet high, the speakers for the stereo system are six feet tall and the rug is a gift from the Shah of Iran. During the summer Pope does take a vacation, but only because "I like to let the kids run the place for a while." The "kids" include the whole family: his brother, Malcolm, who operates the Cypress Gardens motel; his son, who runs the electric-boat concession and owns the water-ski manufacturing company outright and his in-laws, who have the souvenir shop. Behind them stands the important figure of Julie Pope, who helps decide who will split what and how. And behind everybody is the monumental figure of Dick Pope, the man who used a frontal assault to make Cypress Gardens the most successful swamp in America.

END

YESTERDAY

Tom Blower, a good-natured Englishman of immense strength, 16 years ago became the first man ever to swim the Irish Sea by JOHN LOVESEY

The Jolly Giant of the Sea

From Donaghadee in Northern Ireland to Portpatrick in Scotland is a fraction under 21 miles. Between the two land masses the sea rages in swollen tides and hungry eddies. Out in the center a man could sink some 100 fathoms in places before touching the dark bottom. The water is so painfully cold that to swim in it is to feel as if one has a steel band around his forehead that gets tighter with each stroke. This is the deadly and cruel North Channel of the Irish Sea. To long-distance swimmers it makes the English Channel look like a wading pond. Only one swimmer has ever made it across—an Englishman named Tom Blower.

In fact, not many have even dared to try the crossing. Florence Chadwick made two unsuccessful attempts—in 1957, when her life was in danger for 24 hours afterwards, and in 1960, when she left the water with a body temperature of 90°. A Greek, Jason Zarginos, died after an unsuccessful try in 1959 despite the efforts of a doctor who cut him open with a borrowed penknife to massage his heart. Just last year the Danish-born Canadian swimmer Helge Jensen, who holds the record for the English Channel crossing, quit the attempt because he could not stand the cold.

Tom Blower was a citizen of Nottingham, on better terms with the authorities



than Robin Hood but a match for the legendary outlaw in bold charm. He was a blond and jovial giant (6 feet 1, 252 pounds). Two people could hang from each of his outstretched arms; he could break six-inch nails with ease and liked to sit on the bottom of Nottingham's River Trent for three minutes at a time watching boats pass overhead. Sometimes he swam in the river when it was snowing. During World War II,

while serving in the Royal Navy, he dove into the Atlantic in January to try to save the survivor of a dive-bombing attack. To his native city's youngsters he was always Uncle Tom, who helped crippled kids to swim, was devoted to youth clubs and gave exhibitions for charity. But when people contributed money, in turn, to one of his long-distance attempts, he said it felt like swimming with £500 in halfpennies around his neck and refused such help ever after.

The son of a miner, Blower decided early that he was not cut out to be a sprint swimmer. He had an extraordinary ability for standing or lying in the water without moving a muscle. Blower described himself as "a cart horse," although in 1937 he was fast enough to swim from France to England in 13 hours 29 minutes. For plowing through the sea he found the trudgeon best, a combination of overarm strokes and a

continued

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Sports Illustrated, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611

The Jolly Giant cartoon

sensors kick with the legs. Despite his bulk, Blower moved in water with grace and efficiency.

After the war he made two tries at swimming the North Channel of the Irish Sea. The first, early in the summer of 1947, was called off when the water became so rough that exhausted crews could not manage the boats that accompanied him. On July 27, 1947 he made his second attempt. As he kissed his wife goodbye he said, "I'm not getting out for anybody this time." And he did not.

When Blower slid into the water there was a forecast of 15 hours of perfect weather, but his wife was already beset by a feeling of disquiet. "The sea looked smooth," she recalled recently at her home in Nottingham, "but it was a sort of slimy smoothness. And the sky was too red." It was evening when Blower splashed away, accompanied by an armada of boats and an army of well-wishers who gradually drifted away into the night until he was left with only those directly concerned with the swim. He was at last almost as alone as a flyer in the sky. Around his waist he had tied an old, cherished and much-darned pair of swimming trunks with a piece of string.

The water temperature dropped as low as 49°. He wallowed across fields of floating seaweed. Shoals of herring at one time surrounded him so thickly that they nibbled his feet. The sea looked like a carpet of silver, and the pilot's boat propeller churned up fish. One observer from the Irish Amateur Swimming Association, who accompanied him in the water for an hour, came out so cold that he had to thaw out his feet by putting them, wrapped in a blanket, in a cooker oven. For eight hours Blower swam in comparative quiet.

But the morning after the start, one of the most spectacular thunderstorms Scotland has ever known swept through large areas of the country. Towns and villages were under to twilight as lightning struck and rain fell. Streets were flooded, bridges swept away, flowers and crops destroyed. Out at sea it took two men to hold the stove on which Clarence Blower cooked food for her husband. It was impossible to reach him with the food, however. Blower occasionally disappeared completely from sight, swamped amid the waves. Then hail fell in harsh lumps as big as eggs.

Some wanted to take Blower from the

water, but his wife, obeying his instructions, would not allow them. For a brief time he changed from the trisden to the breaststroke. Then he appeared to lose strength in one arm. Later, when his arm was moving again, his legs seemed to drag. At one time Blower swam for four hours without making a mile. The Irish Sea eventually grew quiet. Two fishing tugs, chugging by, sent out across the swell that eerie salute of sailors everywhere, the sound of a ship's horn. Blower was going to make it, come thunder, lightning, wind and hail, badly bruised and torn though his body was.

As he swam into a small Scottish cove the sky seemed to clear. He climbed agonizingly out of the water onto the rocks, and raised his clasped hands, shyly, above his head. "I can't tell anybody how I felt," said Clarence Blower. "I'd been every yard of the way with him in my mind. I just burst into tears with joy. But when I looked round everybody else was crying—21 men and me, one woman." It had taken Tom Blower 15 hours and 26 minutes to make the historic swim. In Nottingham a proud lord mayor interrupted a city council meeting to tell members of Blower's exploit.

As Blower came limping ashore at Portpatrick the first man to clasp his hand was a Scottish policeman. "You're the first one to do it, lad," he said, "and you'll be the last."

Blower became a national figure and need never have done any more. But as long as there was a difficult swim to be made he wanted to make it. No amount of bitter cold, exhaustion, cramps, sea-sickness, sore mouths, puffed faces, arm ache and stinging jellyfish ever seems to deter such men. "They get the bug and it kills them in the end," said Clarence Blower. Her husband joked about his strenuous addiction. "I am going to put my swimming trunks on a pole," he said once, "and start walking with them flying like a flag. When someone stops and asks, 'What are those?' I am going to settle there, because that will mean they have never seen swimming trunks there, and don't swim there—and that, brother, will be the place for me."

He swam the English Channel twice more—in 1948 and 1951—both times the particularly tricky way from England to France. Between swims he went quietly about his job as an advertising representative for a cigarette manufacturer in Nottingham. Then in 1955, at the age of 41, he died suddenly of a heart attack in his home.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

AFTERMATH

Sirs: On the sixth day of October, nineteen hundred and sixty-three, the New York Yankees rolled over and croaked—and Baseball's Babbling Brook (Mel Allen to you) ran dry!

HERNEY G. JACKSON JR.
Quasnochostrag, R.I.

Sirs:

Kudos to SECRETS ILLUSTRATED! Your World Series production and coverage were excellent. The Dodgers performed adroitly, thanks to Messrs. Koufax, Podres, Drysdale. Now what about some of your other prognostications? The Dallas Cowboys, for instance, who are 0-4 as of this writing?

JOE SULLIVAN
Philadelphia

Sirs:

Do your readers still think it would help baseball to switch the Yankees and the Mets (19th HOLE, Sept. 30 et seq.)?

PETER SAMBON
Hempstead, N.Y.

Sirs:

The National League would only be giving away one second division club—and receiving another.

C. C. B. MOODY
Downey, Calif.

Sirs:

Reader R. Bruce Manweiler (19th HOLE, Oct. 7) asked: "How many teams in the senior circuit possess three men who would be sure to break into the Yankee regular starting lineup?" How about Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale and Tommy Davis for a start? Throw in Podres and Skowron, and I'm afraid that the Yankee bench would be as fully crowded.

JACK D. CRAIG
New York City

Sirs:

Ethan Howard, a very fine catcher, is the only Yankee that would make an all-star team in the National League.

GEORGE L. BAKER JR.
Dayton

Sirs:

Now that the Dodgers have proved that not only the lower rungs of the American League but also the Yankees are in danger of collapsing, may I suggest one more way of equalizing talent and eliminating the have/not situation in the major leagues?

Make it mandatory for each team to designate annually three ballplayers who have each played in at least five innings of 75

games and a pitcher who has won at least six games during the previous season for assignment to a player pool. Choices would then be made in the reverse order of the team standings at the end of the season.

It might be even more interesting to have a two-league pool to introduce new faces. The last-place team of the league whose pennant winner loses the World Series would then choose first, followed by the last-place team in the alternate league, etc.

If enough players are not yielded by this plan, then the required number of games could be increased to 100 and the pitcher's wins to eight. By experience it should become easier to set limits that will achieve good balance in both leagues with eventual profit to all concerned. Amen.

LAURENT A. BLAZINA, M.D.
San Francisco

UNFAIR TO FANS

Sirs:

I am upset about the possibility of making New Orleans, or any other city in the South, the permanent home of NFL championship playoffs (SCORECARD, Oct. 7).

It is a shame to think that the NFL club owners would be considering a move that would prevent most (if not all) of a team's fans from attending the playoff game. Apparently they have not considered where their life blood comes from. For several clubs the number of season-ticket holders is at a record high. In the event of a winning conference team it is the season-ticket holder who usually receives—and exercises—first choice of a seat in the championship game. Many truly loyal fans will suffer by having neither time nor money to make the southward migration.

PAUL A. HARNER JR.
Orono, Me.

Sirs:

As a Cleveland Browns fan I have been looking forward to seeing a championship game at the Cleveland Stadium.

Under the present setup of having the championship game every other year at the Eastern Conference home field, I have a 50-50 chance of seeing a championship game. But I know I cannot afford to travel to New Orleans. Well, maybe pro football is not for folks in my circumstances. If it becomes too expensive, I enjoy football enough to go back to watching high school games.

ED WILKES
Cleveland

BROWN STUDY

Sirs:

Tex Maule has entertained us for several years with excellent, comprehensive reports of NFL football, but his recent article (*My*

Brown Brown, Oct. 7) goes too far at the expense of the world's greatest coach.

As Brown (Paul) is drawn, mangled and quartered, Brown (Jimmy) is quoted as saying "I've always wanted to play for a coach I feel like going out and dying for." Hogwash! How about those first golden years when Brown (J.) was playing his all for Brown (P)? Could it be that Brown (P) became the ogre only after Brown's (J.) fame and salary became too inflated?

I am a loyal Browns fan (Paul, Cleveland and Jimmy). All three were a team for a while, but Lady Luck failed to bless them with a championship. Then, and only then, did the Browns (Jimmy and Cleveland) desert the Brown (Paul).

RUICHI ALEXANDER
Cleveland

EXCELLENCE OUTLAWED

Sirs:

The article on women's track and field (*Why Can't We Beat This Girl*, Sept. 30), pinpointed some problems, but unfortunately overlooked many more. The prime reason for the low level of participation and performance by women in this country is that the AAU actually discourages participation and the quest for excellence. You mentioned in the article that the professional physical educators have an attitude rooted in the 19th century. What is appalling is that the AAU has picked up the same attitude. Here are some examples from its Women's Track and Field Rules:

1) The number of events a woman may enter in one day is restricted. A man is limited only by his stamina.

2) A woman traveling overnight is required to have a chaperone. Why? If the athlete is a minor, such judgments should be made by her parents, and if she is not, it is her own business.

3) The awarding of "outstanding athlete" or "high points" prizes to women is prohibited.

4) Rule LXI-E, Section 3, (g) states: "No contestant shall permit anyone to hold her up and to support her by holding her at either side after the finish of a race." Rubbish. This is designed only to discourage a girl from really exerting herself. Every coach I have ever known keeps his runners moving around after a race until they cool down. If a runner needs support to keep walking, he or she should get it.

5) Until 1963, women were prohibited from running in a race of more than 800 yards, an absurd rule that effectively limited participation to those whose basic talent is speed, leaving out those who have stamina only. If this situation had been reversed, would we have ever heard of Wilma Rudolph? Now women are permitted to run

continued

Are you flying in a jet while reading this? Take a good look at the engines.

The American Airlines fan-jet story.

If the engines on your plane are fan-jets, they'll have a bigger opening than ordinary jets.

A fan-jet takes in twice as much air as ordinary jets and gives the exhaust twice as much body.

Which in turn gives the plane 30% more power.



Smaller ordinary jet engine takes in less air, has less power.



Fan-jet takes in twice as much air, has 30% more power.

You'd notice the difference in the take-off alone. It's 7 city blocks shorter than an ordinary jet's.

Now, if you happen to be on an American Airlines Astrojet, you needn't bother checking the engines at all.

All of our Astrojets are fan-jets. [We have 64 of these planes—41 more than anyone else in the business.]

But if you're on any other jet, take a look.

THE PIPE SMOKER'S Miscellany

Tidbits, Tips and
Trivia from the makers
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Why some pipemen use fewer matches



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Bond Street keeps burning because of its old English cut—a combination of flakes for even-burning and cubes for slow-burning. Sample it and see how pleasant and satisfying a pipe tobacco can be that goes out only when you want it to.

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A pipe? It's a great comfort, a pleasant reminder.



BOND STREET

A word about pipes in the wind



If you are planning to smoke a new uncalked pipe out-of-doors, it's wise to use a fill on the bowl in case a wind arises. Without a fill, the wind may make the tobacco burn too hot and unevenly, and cause heated spots in the unconditioned bowl.



A dip really
does a lot for
the smoker and his
pipe too.

BOND STREET

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19TH HOLE

1½ miles crosscountry, but there are some who would like two, three or even five miles. The solution to this part of the problem is easy. Change the rules.

LAWRENCE J. BERMAN
Director, Metropolitan AC
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

I am 28, married and have a 3-year-old child, and I would like to find a track coach in my area who could tell me if it would be worthwhile for me to take up this rigorous sport at this point in my life. I am a college graduate (Stanford, '56) and have been interested in track since I was in high school.

I am not sure I have what it takes to enter truly competitive sports, but I know that I would like to satisfy my latent desire—preferably without getting laughed off the field.

PLACID CONSTABLE

Sunnyvale, Calif.

Sirs:

It is not true that "our girls dodge track and field as though it were a combined course in weightlifting and wrestling," as you stated last spring, when Aberdeen, S. Dak. held the first women's track meet in South Dakota history; the girls surprised everybody; there were close to 120 girls from all over the state participating in only five disciplines, some coming 200 miles to do it. More than 70 girls participated at the 60-yard dash alone! The girls enjoyed it, and sports fans liked it. All in all, it was such a great success that the Sertoma Club decided to add two more events next year. But is one track meet in a year enough?

KAREN ZVERINSKI, M. O.

Leola, S. Dak.

DEER DEPARTED

Sirs:

I was delighted to read Jack Olsen's *Antelope story (Leaps of a French Nook, Oct. 7)*, because I believe I am the hunter mentioned in the first paragraph who got two deer with one bullet. What Olsen did not mention is that it was the first time I ever shot at a deer, and it happened 20 minutes after we left Jupiter River Camp.

ALBERT E. MAYER

Longmeadow, Mass.

Sirs:

A couple of weeks ago your cover featured Quarterback George Mira; that week-end his team was shut out. The next week your cover featured Whitley Ford and Al Downing; result: both were knocked out in the World Series' first two games. Then your cover featured a hunter. What happened to that poor guy? Did his gun explode on him or was he gored by that fierce deer?

JOHN M. SPANARDIN

North Hollywood, Calif.

AGAIN AND AGAIN:

Sirs:

Half Again the Likes of Alex Wojciechowicz (Sk, Sept. 30) really rang a bell at Trenton State College. It probably hit the spot with New Jersey sportswriters, too. You see, the name Wojciechowicz is once again finding its way into the sports pages of the state's newspapers.

Richard Wojciechowicz, a nephew of the famed Alex of Fordham greatness, is currently co-captain of the Trenton State College football team as well as the starting fullback.

ERNEST E. RYDELL

Trenton, N.J.

SETTING THE PACE

Sirs:

In reference to your dream of "The Matchless Match" between Overtrack and Speedy Scot, I would like to bring you back to harsh reality. You based your reason for the match race on the fact that Speedy Scot had trotted a 1:56½ mile for his fastest time, while Overtrack had paced a 1:57½ mile for his best mark, but you forgot that Speedy Scot had trotted his record mile over the one-mile oval at Lexington, Ky., while Overtrack had paced his on the half-mile track at Delaware, Ohio. On a one-mile oval a harness horse has to negotiate only two turns, but on a half-mile track he is hindered by four turns. Thus with the longer straightaways and fewer turns of the mile track the times will be faster than those recorded on a half-mile oval.

Secondly, when Overtrack paced over the same track at Lexington in the first heat of the Poplar Hill Farm Pace on Oct. 3, he was second by a nose to Meadow Skipper in the record time of 1:55½. His time over the same mile oval on which Speedy Scot had set his record was 1½ seconds faster than the trotter's mark. Then Overtrack, one hour later, came back to win the second heat going away in an undistinguished 1:57½, but, besides cutting out the whole mile, he paced the final quarter in a scintillating 26½ seconds, 2½ seconds faster than the final quarter of 29½ in Speedy Scot's record.

Finally, on a half-mile track Overtrack set a world record of 1:57½ in winning the first heat of the Little Brown Jug. Yet the best Speedy Scot could do over a half-mile oval was a 2:00½ mile under the "ideal conditions of a time trial." The difference here in the times is an overwhelming 3½ seconds. In each case, the difference in the times of these two excellent horses is far greater than the fraction of a second which you suggest is the difference between a trotter and a pacer. In my opinion, the evidence is conclusive that such an interdivisional matching of trotter and pacer would be an unrealistic event and would result in a lopsided victory for the pacer.

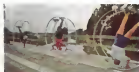
MICHAEL BATCHELLER

Clinton, N.Y.



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2. "Down the road I zigzagged, rolling along the shores of the Baggersee and over a bridge across the lake. For a moment I thought I had the knack. But what a mistake!



1. "If you think rolling a hoop is child's play, try it in Strasbourg!" suggests Peter Lott, American friend of Canadian Club. "My French friends cajoled me into trying their innocent-looking hoop. They showed me how to slip my feet into the straps and shift my weight. Experts can steer, turn, even do tricks, but after a few spins, I could hardly tell which side was up.



3. "I picked up speed and suddenly my hoop started plunging wildly and I careened toward the lake! Whirling like a windmill in a hurricane, my hoop smashed into the guard rail and bounded right over it!



4. "I plunged headlong right into the lake. Fortunately the hoop floated so I lobbed up quickly and shook myself loose. As my friends beisted me back to land they congratulated me on starting a new water sport!

5. "Later, at a nearby inn, the Baggersee Pflge, my friends joined me in a drink of their favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It gives you the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to start enjoying Canadian Club, the world's lightest whisky, tonight.

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